

NEW LIGHTS;  
OR,  
LIFE IN GALWAY.

"The good are better made by ill,  
As odors crush'd are sweeter still."—Keats.

FAR away in the extreme west of Ireland where the waters of Lough Corrib reflect the changeful hues of that ever-changing sky, there is a large, straggling village running up along the bank of a rivulet, from near the shore of the lake, for a distance of nearly two miles. This village, which we shall call Killany, though having in itself little to interest the traveller, is still a desirable sojourn for the summer months, 'while the grass is on the fields and the blue is on the sky.' The country around is, indeed, beautiful, though somewhat wild in its character, for the mountains of Connemara stand like giant sentinels in the neighborhood, receding from the inland view in many a grand perspective. Above the village, at a little distance, the rivulet begins to assume the appearance of a