

**THE WAY WOMEN  
LOVE. A NOVEL. IN  
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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The Way Women Love. A Novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. I by E. Owens Blackburne

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**E. OWENS BLACKBURNE**

**THE WAY WOMEN  
LOVE. A NOVEL. IN  
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. I**



# THE WAY WOMEN LOVE.

A Novel.

BY

E. OWENS BLACKBURNE,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN SCORNED," ETC.

"COMMON AS LIGHT IS LOVE."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I



LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.

1877.

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# THE WAY WOMEN LOVE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE O'NEILLS.

HE was a genius !

When, as a boy, and as a growing youth, he had wandered dreamfully along the rock-bound coast of bleak Donegal, where stood his father's half-ruined Castle of Cleishna, the residence of the O'Neills for many a century, he had gloated with an almost delirious joy upon the beauties of earth, and sea, and sky, which surrounded him. His wondrous, deep-blue Irish eyes gleamed with a strange fire as

he gazed upon the tempest-tossed tower of the brave Niall, and listened to his father as he recounted the legends of the victories of Red Hugh O'Neill. In fancy he saw the wild-looking kerns and galloglasses of his great ancestor led to the farrah by their chieftain—he of the light, piercing, blue eyes and the streaming yellow locks—whilst the bards incited them to the contest by the soul-stirring strains in which they told of the glorious deeds of the Red-handed O'Neills.

The boy's mother was dead, and he was the only child of an elderly father. The latter died, leaving his son, at the age of sixteen, an uneducated, poverty-stricken dreamer.

The Castle of Cleishna possessed the remnant of a once well-stocked library; and the boy, who could do little more

than read intelligently, revelled in the treasures which he found there. He read of the great painters and sculptors of the days of old; of the art and architectural treasures of the continent of Europe; of the wonderful, half-mystical Eastern land, with its mysterious rock-temples, which bear such a curious analogy to many of the structures to be found in our own island. He read of all these things, and he longed to see with his own eyes those masterpieces, the mere descriptions of which caused his soul to thrill with rapture. He tried to teach himself Latin, and, in a crude sort of a way, drank deep draughts of the *vinum dæmonum*; as one of the fathers calls the essences of the souls of the master-minds of old. And as he read he felt arise within him that nameless, indefinable restlessness—that desire to