

Гетьман Іван Виговський

Іван Нечуй-Левицький

Hetman Ivan Vyhovskyi

by

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Chapter 2

<https://ukrclassic.com.ua/katalog/n/nechuj-levitskij-ivan/409-ivan-nechuj-levitskij-getman-ivan-vigovskij> (1st chapter, then go to bottom of webpage for other chapters)

II

On the same day, Ivan Ostapovych left Kyiv with two Cossack horsemen. It was already evening when he drove into the dense Kyiv forest. The sad sky, covered with thick clouds, the tall pine trees that stood like walls on both sides of the road brought thoughts to his mind. The sound was softly humming, like the distant waves of the sea. This sad, quiet, but very humming brought Vyhovsky's thoughts and sadness to his soul. After the noise and commotion in Kyiv at the celebrations and dinners, Vyhovsky thought that he had driven into some desert. He bowed his head, and thoughts after thoughts followed quietly one after the other, calling one another in the midst of dead loneliness. It seemed to him that he had lost something very valuable or had forgotten something so beautiful and expensive in Kyiv that he should have returned for it. A tall ancient crew, placed on skids, more like a pharaoh's chariot than a sledge, flowed smoothly and evenly along the well-worn path. No sound, no knocking around. Only the bear hummed piteously, as if moaning, and thoughts swarmed even more clearly and distinctly in Vyhovsky's head.

Olesya must be wooed, even if we have to snatch her out of the hands of a proud high family. She is respectable and intelligent, like the current wife of Bohdan (Bogdan Hmelnytsky), Hanna; she will be able to maintain my house well, maybe even the hetman's house... She is of a noble high family, she will be able to receive and greet people. The Cossacks will respect her; the Cossack elder will not dare to introduce Zaporozhian mischief and drunkenness in my house, which I myself do not like. She is both rich and beautiful, beautiful like a lily," thought Vyhovsky, lowering his eyes in the dark green walls of a sad pine tree, as if he was reading his thoughts on them. The quiet wind breathed

like a spirit on the old pine forest. The pine trees creaked and the noise was even sadder and more pitiful. Sad and pitiful thoughts quickly stirred in Vyhovsky's soul. He felt sorry for Olesya, sorry for Kyiv. He remembered the friendly aunt Yakylyna and felt sorry for Yakylyna as well, he wanted to go back, look at Olesya and the rooms where she was now staying.

The next day in the evening, Vyhovskyi arrived in Chygyryn and entered his apartment. He was a thrifty man, although he was not stingy, and he rented a small apartment not far from the hetman's court. He received good support from the hetman. Foreign envoys presented him with valuable gifts. But at that time he built a monastery near Chhyryn at his own expense and spent a lot of money on the construction of the monastery.

Ivan Ostapovich entered his cramped apartment, and it seemed extremely sad to him now.

"It would be nice if Olesya ran out of my house to meet me, greeted me kindly, wrapped her full arms around my neck, hugged me, sat next to me on the couch and entertained me with her quiet conversation," thought Ivan Ostapovich, sitting on the sofa.

There was dead silence outside and in the rooms. The small windows seemed to be blinded: it was already dark outside. The evening peeked through all the small windows, and in the corners stood the shadows of grandfathers in dark pillars. It was cold in the poorly heated rooms. Vyhovsky sighed heavily and looked at the tables, at all kinds of office papers piled up in piles. And these tables made him sad. It seemed to him that those rooms and those tables would not have brought such sadness to his soul if Olesya had walked through those rooms. For the first time at his age, he felt his loneliness, he felt boredom. For the first time in his life, some sadness, some regret, unknown until that time in the midst of campaigns and battles, in the turbulent Cossack life, came to his soul. And suddenly, a lily-white image of Olesya appeared in his soul: and his heart became happier, it seemed that the rooms were warmer and brighter.

"Battles and battles, battles flowed after battles, like days after days! but my heart did not experience a will, did not experience a happiness. I pity myself, pity my heart!" Vyhovsky sighed heavily. "But it's time to go to the hetman, and the hetman, I guess he's waiting for me," Vyhovsky thought and grabbed a few letters from the table, pulled out his notes made in Kyiv about the envoys and the metropolitan, and quickly hurried to Hetman Bohdan.

The hetman greeted him very kindly and asked everything about the envoys, about the oath of the people of Kyiv and about the metropolitan.

Vyhovsky was looking forward to his free days at the carnival, apologized to the hetman and went to Kyiv. He visited Pavlovska, saw Olesya. Both Pavlovska and Olesya greeted him as happily as before. Aunt Yakylyna invited him to come to her for lunch the next day. The table was once again crammed with pies, dumplings, dumplings and all kinds of snacks, with liqueurs and all kinds of tinctures. A relative of Pavlovska's late husband was at the dinner. At the end of the dinner, the old princess Lyubetska, a relative of Olesya's late father, arrived. Ivan Ostapovich met her. Lyubetska was attentive to Ivan Ostapovich, delicate in conversation, kind in words, but when saying goodbye to Ivan Ostapovich, she did not invite him to visit her. She was proud of her principality and guessed that Ivan Ostapovich was not foolishly visiting Yakilyna Pavlovska and Olesa.

Ivan Ostapovich learned from Yakilyna's aunt that Olesya would go home to his estate after Easter in a week.

"It will be necessary to start work on the Easter holidays, it will be necessary to convince Olesya that I intend to marry her, and if she goes to her estate, to those fields, forests and slums, then it will be difficult to get to her. We must start on Easter and finish the matter when God helps; he will leave Kyiv, then he will forget about me," thought Vyhovsky, returning from Kyiv to Chigyrin.

And Olesya did not forget about him. After his arrival in Kyiv, she only thought about him, she only had conversations with her aunt about him.

— Ivan Ostapovich is about to woo you, Olesya. You'll see! He will fly here to the yard on a Tatar horse, grab him on the saddle and take him to Chigyrin as a captive! - aunt laughed.

- We'll see! But, lady, I don't like that Chigyrin with the Cossack camp at all. If I had to live in Kyiv, I would wholeheartedly agree to marry Vyhovsky, Olesya said.

- That's why I don't like it! "You haven't even been to that Chigyrin, and you don't like him anymore," said the aunt.

— If I were to become Hetmanshcha (wife, first lady), this would be dear to my heart. Then I would be ready to live in Chigyrin. And being the wife of the

general scribe of the Zaporizhzhya army is somehow awkward. This is not even the same as being a senator in Warsaw.

"Oh, my dear, it's the same, only you won't be living in Warsaw, but in Chyhyryna," said the aunt.

— And I, auntie, love Warsaw more than anything, even though I am not Catholic. The city is cheerful, crowded. There is also the royal court, and senators, and magnates from all over Poland and Ukraine: there is something to see, something to entertain yourself. My soul is drawn there, not to Chigyrin, where it is full of Cossacks and cannons, where it only smells of a military camp and gunpowder! Olesya said and sighed.

- She wanted to marry Vyhovsky, but to get used to him in Warsaw, not in Chyhyryn.

On the Easter holiday, Ivan Ostapovich asked Bohdan to go to Kyiv. The next day he went to the service in the Mykhailivskyi monastery. The people in the church were crowded. He barely pushed through and stood by the wall. Yakylyna Pavlovska was standing not far from him in the vestibule; Olesya was not with her.

"Hasn't Olesya already gone home?" thought Ivan Ostapovich with anxiety in his heart. "So you're the one who's caught up with matchmaking! And when will she come to Kyiv again? When will I see her again and talk? I probably will have to go to her again far away in some Wetlands".

Vyhovsky barely made it to the end of the service and, although he was God-loving and God-fearing, like the entire society of that time, he did not listen or hear what was being read or sung in the church, which the Mykhailiv igumen spoke about from the pulpit in his sermon. Olesya did not leave his thoughts, as if she too was standing here, in the church, not far from him next to her aunt, and he kept looking at her tall, full-bodied and even figure, at her snow-white neck and light-haired head.

The service has ended. The crowd left the church. Vyhovsky leaned against the column and waited until Yakylyna Pavlovska passed by him. He did not take his eyes off her head, which was wrapped in a thin white cape over the cap. A white head in a dense crowd seemed to float towards the column, as if it was carried by the quiet water of a river. Vyhovsky approached Pavlovska and congratulated her on the holidays. The crowd grabbed him and carried him by

the shoulders with Yakylina and soon carried him through the wide door to the cemetery.

— And where is Olena Bohdanivna? - was his first word as they left the church.
- Maybe she left for her Mokrans (Wetlands)?

- No, no, she didn't leave! Pavlovska said and smiled. — Olesya had a headache this morning, and she stayed at home.

They walked in silence for a long time. You could tell from Pavlovska's eyes that she was waiting for something and that's why she was silent, and Vyhovsky was thinking about something and was silent. The aunt was waiting for him to tell about his thoughts and plans to marry Olesya, she really wanted to become a matchmaker this time... and her secret wish came true.

— Aunt Yakylina! Vyhovsky began. — I really liked your dear niece, and I am thinking of sending an old man to her. Before that, I ask you to help me in this matter, either with advice or with your words, and then tell me simply, is there any hope? Will Stetkevichivna (Olesya) marry me?

The aunt was delighted, she even laughed, she liked such a man for Olesya, and she had already been visiting the Cossacks in Kiev for a long time and learned from them that the government of the general scribe under the hetman was a high government, although the magnates and rich Orthodox lords neglected the Cossacks.

- Mr. Ivan! I am sure that Olesya likes you and that she is ready to marry you even today. But, you see, she has many noble relatives: the princes of Solomyretsk, and the princes of Lyubets, and the princes of Drutsky-Gorsky, and Oginsky. I warn that they will resist this, and the old prince Vasyl Solomyretskyi and Hristofor Stetkevich, Olesin's guardian and so-called father, will resist the most. He is a proud, honorable man and does not like Cossacks very much. This may be a problem for you.

- It's a pity! Oh, what a pity! Ivan Ostapovich shouted. — But whether it is a pity or not, the work has not yet begun. And in the meantime, I ask you to enter my house and eat the blessed food from my table. There we will chat in detail about this matter.

They entered the Pavlovska skylight. Olesya was standing around the table, which was covered with a white tablecloth and covered with all the holy things. Incense smoke curled up the skylight. Olesya waited for her aunt after church,

and she burned incense, lighting all the lamps in front of the images. In the skylight, the church was filled with a heavy spirit of smoke and lamps. Olesya looked at her aunt and laughed.

- That's our weak one! Beautiful weak one! I was too lazy to go to church, said my aunt.

- Don't think, mother, yes! I really had a headache in the morning, but now it's gone, Olesya said and blushed, looking at Vyhovsky.

- Christ is Risen! Happy holidays, be healthy! said Vyhovsky, throwing off his kuntush and stepping over the threshold of the skylight.

- He is truly resurrected! Be healthy too! I congratulate you on Easter! said Olesya and became as pink in appearance as her dress was pink.

Vyhovsky was dressed in a brand-new cherry-colored velvet coat trimmed with gold pozuments. This cherry coat really stuck to his face. He seems to have improved twice. The reflections of the possums played a wonderful golden twilight against the spring sun and poured bright light on the matte white cheeks and high forehead of Vyhovsky.

- Well, now let's greet each other with an Easter kiss! - said the aunt and kissed Ivan Ostapovich three times and, evidently, not without taste. Ivan Ostapovich approached Olesya and kissed her. Olesya was ashamed, became as red as a viburnum, and lowered her eyes, but did not resist and kissed him three times. Vyhovsky, as a good supervisor, noted this as a good sign for himself.

Pavlovsk's two daughters also ran out of the room. The older Marinka, already a slender sixteen-year-old girl, was dark-skinned and beautiful, as painted. And they were both greeted with an Easter kiss with Vyhovsky. They sat down at the table and drank the saint. The aunt ordered to serve the dish. At lunch, the aunt left the house, as if to run the household. Olesya and Ivan Ostapovich remained alone.

Ivan Ostapovich sat down on the couch next to Olesya. She turned to him and looked straight into his eyes. Two pairs of clear, dark, very similar eyes looked very close. Olesya seemed to read, as in a book, in his eyes, what Ivan Ostapovich was thinking. Vyhovsky guessed the answer from her eyes. He spoke quietly so that his words would not reach through the door to the second room.

— Oleksandra Bohdanivna! I drove my horse, hurrying to see you in Kyiv. I can't sit in Chigyrna without you, and I think about you all day and night. And morning and evening, my soul is drawn here, as soon as I look to the north of Chigyrin, to the green forests and thickets, because I know that behind those thickets and groves there is a sorceress who enchanted me immediately with her brown eyes and high eyebrows. It's time for me to get married. My position in Ukraine is high. I looked for a wife among our Cossacks, and... and... and still haven't found one. I don't need such a couple. I fell in love with you as soon as I saw you for the first time. Will you accept my elders when I send them to woo you?

- I'll accept... I'll accept! - said Olesya boldly, without stuttering. — I am glad to marry you, because I fell in love with you immediately when I saw you for the first time. Only... only... Oh, let's have a good time! Olesya said, sighing and folding her arms. - We will have such a relationship that I myself do not know what will come of your matchmaking.

- Why so? Vyhovsky suddenly asked. "My guardian, old uncle, widower Hristofor Stetkevich, a Calvinist, and my relatives of the princely family will resist and will not betray me for you," Olesya called quietly, lowering her eyes and thinking. The blush immediately faded on her white cheeks, and sadness fell like dusk on her pink eyelids, on her plump lips.

Vyhovsky fell silent and thought for himself. He guessed that there would be a lot of trouble and that he would have to go after Olesya with her high family.

— Khristofor Stetkevich, Prince Lubetsky and his wife really dislike Hetman Bohdan and the Cossacks because the Hetman separated Ukraine from Poland. They stand up for Poland. They are angry with both the Cossacks and the hetman, to the point of hissing. And you are the general clerk of the hetman! Olesya said.

— But I myself am a nobleman, even though I went to serve in the Cossack army. True, I am one of the few noblemen, but every nobleman is equal to another nobleman. What about the fact that your relatives are princes? They are just as noble as I am, and "a noble in the enclosure is equal to a voivode" (military commander)! Vyhovsky said.

- So what, Mr. Ivan! Go today with this woman Yakyлина to our relative Prince Lubetsky. He has been in Kyiv since the time when Bohdanov's army expelled the Catholic nobility from Ukraine. Chat with him, ask about our

business. Whatever he tells you, my guardian Stetkevich will tell you the same, because they are great friends and have the same thoughts. But you will still have to come to us in Mokransy and talk to my guardian Stetkevich. And then we'll see what we have to do.

- Fine! I will ask Mrs. Pavlovska, and we will go to Prince Lubetsky, said Vyhovsky and kissed Olesya's hand.

Pavlovska soon entered the skylight. Vyhovsky told her about his conversation with Olesya. Aunt was very happy, congratulated Olesya and happily kissed her three times.

- Well, Mr. Ivan, let's go to the princes of Lubetsky! Let's see what kind of song they will sing, - said the aunt. - I know that we will have a battle for Olesya, but we will still take the mountain and defeat Olesya. It will not do without a battle. I know this in advance. Let's see how they will receive you, what they will tell you, how Olesya's uncle will deal with you in the first place, - said Pavlovska, dressing in a robe.

Vyhovskiy and Pavlovska hurried off, as if scrambling to avoid being late for some holiday or ceremony.

They soon arrived at the palace of Prince Lubetsky. The old palace stood in Old Kyiv, above a deep valley that stretched to Kozhumiaky. The palace was built in the middle of a wide courtyard. The sharp high roof made of tiles was blackened by the weather, not renewed for tens of years. Only in places on the roof were wide patches of light green moss, as if light green velvet patches had been sewn on rags. From the side of the palace, a two-story extension was bent, and behind it rose a strange, thin, small tower with narrow embrasures, like a dovecote with holes; white, but very smoky, chimneys were driven out high above the pointed roof, like pillars rammed haphazardly into the black roof. In front of the porch of the palace was a wide green circle planted with bushes. Behind the house there was an old garden.

Vyhovskiy and Pavlovska entered a long, narrow room, more like a corridor with narrow windows. The side door opened. A woman's strange head with a small wrinkled face that looked like a baked potato peeked out from behind the door. This head, too much like a good Zaporozhian fist, growled at their amazed eyes, and then small hands opened the creaking door. Pavlovska

and Vyhovsky entered the long, ancient skylight. There was no one in the skylight. Ancient ash chairs with immeasurably high backs, upholstered in red, faded sapwood, stood in a row against the walls; the handles of the chairs were made in the form of vipers, which hung down their long heads, and their tails stuck to the high backs. Long rugs were spread out next to the chairs, stretching along the path through the skylight to the door. Carpets faded, lost their gloss and paint; only one expensive floral non-fading Persian carpet on the sofa cheered up the sad dark firefly. Narrow, high and pointed windows from above let little light into the long skylight, and the round panes of red and blue glass above the windows threw a dark twilight into the skylight, and it seemed to become even darker in the skylight. It was quiet in the house. Nowhere was there the slightest sound, not even a rustle, as in the empty old church. It seemed to Vyhovsky that he had entered some ancient church; the lines of insults, with which the entire corner was covered in penitence, even more suggested to him such an opinion. Vyhovsky and Pavlovska sat on hard chairs and leaned their elbows on the cold wooden vipers. and the round panes of red and blue glass above the windows threw a dark twilight into the skylight, and it seemed to become even darker in the skylight.

They waited for a long time, but no one came out to them. Not even the slightest rustle could be heard in the rooms. The house stood like a wasteland, inhabited by one or another person with a small head and a wrinkled face.

- A bad sign for me, these vipers! - said Vyhovsky quietly and touched one viper's head with his hand, and then the other.

- It's okay! They won't bite, because they are wooden and cold as ice," whispered Aunt Yakyлина, laughing.

- Even if they don't bite, they will freeze with cold, - said Vyhovsky.

Soon the door to the room creaked, as if it had not been oiled all summer. The old princess Lubetska came out, dressed in a dark green velvet dress, over which a cherry kuntush was draped. The dress was expensive, but it faded so much that the hems turned red, as if the hems had been smoked from above. Rushing to the guests, Lyubetska draped a long piece of white transparent fabric over her head and tied the ends around her neck below her chin. In this improvised turban, she looked like a Turkish woman. Gray

strands of braids were visible above the ears. Lyubetska was small in stature with a dry face. Only the black eyes shone and shone with zeal.

The guests got up and went to meet the princess. Vyhovskiy greeted Lubetska and kissed her hand. Lyubetska looked at the smooth, magnificent figure of Ivan Ostapovich, and the sight amused her. Eyewitnesses, the princess liked him both for his figure and beauty.

- And we have already seen you, Mr. Vyhovskiy! - called Lyubetska in a sharp, not at all senile voice.

"I had the good fortune to stay with you at Mrs. Pavlovskaya's," said Vyhovskiy in a cheerful voice. He noticed that he made a good impression on the old princess.

- Sit with us! - said Lyubetska, sitting down on the couch.

Pavlovskaya sat next to her so nimbly, as if she fell on the couch, until the couch creaked. Vyhovskiy sat down on a chair.

They didn't have time to exchange a few words, when the door creaked again so suddenly, as if someone had cut the throat with a knife. Old Prince Lubetsky appeared at the door. He was small in stature, a stocky grandfather with a long gray beard. Luxurious black curls curled on his head, as if they had been burned by gunpowder. The old velvet cherry coat was so worn and dried that the threads on it shone in places. The prince cast restless eyes at Vyhovskiy; his surprised and bulging eyes seemed to be asking Vyhovskiy:

"Why did you come to me? What business do you have with me? Why did you surrender to me?"

Pavlovskaya was named after Vyhovskiy. The prince greeted him haughtily and kept looking at him, bulging his healthy brown eyes. The eyes were unkind, the face was puffy, the eyebrows were furrowed.