

**Гетьман Іван Виговський**

**Іван Нечуй-Левицький**

**Hetman Ivan Vyhovsky  
by  
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## **Chapter 5**

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

### **V**

Hetman Bohdan (Bogdan Hmelnitsky) was already old and often unwell. Vyhovsky knew that he did not have long to live and predicted that he himself would quickly be elected hetman. Bohdan himself, already quite weak, called the foreman to him and asked him to choose not his young son Yuri as hetman, but Ivan Vyhovskyi or Colonel Lysnytskyi, who was experienced in all Cossack matters. On his way to Olesya in Kyiv, Vyhovskyi told Olesya about the hetman's will and his hopes. Ambitious Olesya liked this idea.

- What if I had to enter Chyhyryn by hetmanshe! Then I would raise my head and show myself to my proud and unkind relatives! Olesya told Vyhovsky. - Then she would have bowed her head in front of me. Oh, how happy I would be! I would enter Chhyryn with pomp, like Polish queens enter Warsaw, because wouldn't I then be a queen in Ukraine or a little not a queen? - said Olesya, letting go of her bold dreams, which stirred her ambitious nature, inherited from her proud and ambitious father Bohdan and her mother, from the family of the Solomyretsky princes.

- Do you know, my heart, that your dreams can come true even faster than you think? Vyhovsky said. - The Hetman is completely sick, and his weakness is fatal. And after him, only I will be elected hetman, at least until the hetman's son Yury finishes his studies at the Kyiv Academy. My soul feels that this will happen.

- I would be happy! Oh, how happy I would be then! If only for a few years, I will have that shine, that glory, that high position! - mused Olesya, sitting next to Vyhovsky on the sofa. - And you know what, my beloved Ivan? I am ready to stay in Kyiv until the old hetman dies, although I love you, and I am bored without you. If you are elected hetman, then I will enter Chigyrin like a queen.

- About me, stay in Kyiv, even though it's hard for me to live without you. But I am not young anymore: my heart loves you quietly, as quietly as the autumn sun warms, - said Vyhovsky.

- Just come to me from Chigyrin more often!

- Oh, it's hard for me to live without you in Chigyrin as a straw widower, - said Vyhovsky, sighing - but for you, I'm ready to agree to anything.

And it really happened as Vyhovsky said. Hetman Bohdan died on July 27, 1657. Even before Bohdan's death, the Cossack colonels, out of respect for the old Bohdan, elected his son Yuri as hetman, ignoring the fact that Bohdan himself advised them to choose either Lysnytskyi or Vyhovsky as hetman. But as soon as Bohdan died, the Cossacks came to their senses and began to complain that they had been appointed a hetman, who was only sixteen years old, and stopped obeying Yuriev. Yuri asked Vyhovsky for advice on what to do.

- Call a council meeting, renounce the hetmanship, put down the mace, and I and the entire senior general will also renounce our government. Let the Cossacks choose whoever they want as hetman and foreman. Maybe if you give up the hetmanship, the Cossacks will be impressed, and they will become more loyal to you, - this is what Vyhovsky advised to Yuri, but he had a thought: to take the mace himself.

The council was shrouded. Vygovsky called for the council colonels, centurions and two Cossacks from each village. Such was the ancient Cossack custom. For the council, Vygovsky and his supporters appointed a hetman's court so that few Cossacks could be accommodated in it. Meanwhile, Vygovsky went to the Cossacks, ordered to roll out a number of barrels of vodka from the cellars, watered ordinary Cossacks with vodka, made rich meals for them, treated the Cossacks himself, drank and

pretended to be drunk to go under the Cossack temper, because Vygovsky did not like to drink and was not drunk at all.

On Sunday, August 24, the dovbyshy hit the council. The Cossacks moved into the yard. As soon as the yard became full of Cossacks, the gate was closed for some reason. Many Cossacks and the strength of the boys stayed behind the gates.

Yuri came out of the house with a mace in his hands. A bunchuk was carried behind him, shaking his head.

- Gentlemen glad! Thank you low for the hetman's government, which you gave me, remembering my father, but I am still young and uneducated, and I do not have to go and bear the weight of the hetman's government. Choose a hetman other, older and more worthwhile than me. Here's a mace and a bunchuk!

Yuri put the hetman's kleynodes (mace and bunchuk ) on the table, bowed and walked into the house. After Yuri, Vygovsky came out, thanked the Cossacks for their honor, the scribe's government met, put an ink tank on the table and went to the house. Obozny Nosach put his pernach and seal on the table, bowed and walked away.

The Hetman's mace lay on the table in the middle of the courtyard, and there were many who wanted to take it, but did not dare without the will of the people.

Meanwhile, there was a noise behind the streets, as if there were a noise of a bair or a spree of the sea on the wind. There was a cry of the pillar, which was not allowed into the courtyard, which was guessed that the gate was closed deliberately so as not to let anyone go to the council. The noise, the noise was all blowing and sounding. It was as if the sea had riveted in a storm between the rocks.

- Beat the gate! break the barkans! – the Cossacks shouted for the wars. – Plant the gate! We are not allowed to go to the council!

The boys rushed to plant the gates. Osavula quickly started up with cossacks and hurriedly asked:

– Who do you want to choose for the hetman?

– Khmelnychenko! Let Khmelnychenko take the mace! – shouted the Cossacks.

Yuri left the house and said that he needed to go to Kyiv and study at the academy.

Then some centurion snatched up the mace and shouted.

– Let Khmelnychenko keep the bunchuk and mace at the meeting, and Vygovsky will command the military and by that time will take mace and bunchuk from the hands of Khmelnychenko.

"Give me time to think," Vygovsky said.  
The council gave him three days of time.

On Wednesday, August 27, the dovbyshy again hit the council. The council gathered again in the hetman's court. The Council summoned Vygovsky again and asked him to take the mace by the time Yuri was giving science and going to his full height. Vygovsky bowed and stared. Lowering his eyes down, with a meek look, with tears in his eyes, he thanked him for the honor, demanded and asked to choose someone more capable of for the hetman.

"Will I win or lose? will I win or lose?" it turned in his head, as if some pendulum was knocking and knocking out these words in his soul, knocking, not ceasing, annoyingly, stubbornly, annoyingly, and his heart in his chest was pounding, throwing, as if torn, wanting to break out of his chest. Vygovsky longed that one moment was about to come when he either loses everything or wins everything. He bowed and smirked, spoke quietly, spicily, but he felt his arms and legs dribble, as if in a fever that was clogging his spirit, strangling in his chest. It seemed to him that there was a battle going on around him, that he himself was in a battle somewhere on the Yellow Waters or under Korsun, that there was a time when the battle would either be won or about to be lost. But as Vygovsky demanded and bowed, the Cossacks even more asked him to take a mace. Annoyed by the stubbornness of the scribe, the Cossacks began, in the Cossack custom, to throw at the curse. Then Vygovsky, reluctantly, sent by the will of the council, agreed to take the mace. The council shouted happily. This cry seemed to resurrect Vygovsky. He was all shuddering at the joys.

Then Vygovsky said: – How will I have to sign while Khmelnychenko will study in Kyiv, as long as he becomes a regular man?

Then a certain supporter of Vygovsky stood up from the band and said:

– Let Mr. Vygovsky sign as follows: "Ivan Vygovsky, hetman at that time of the Zaporozhian army", because when he has kleynodes (mace), he will be the true hetman.

- Ok! Let it be so! – the Cossacks shouted. Vygovsky took the mace and said this:

– This mace is good for affection, and burglary for carnage; and I will not beckon to the military when you elected me as a hetman. Viysko (army) Zaporozhian without fear can not be.

Not all Cossack colonels were present at the council in Chyhyryn, and this council could not seem to be legal. Vygovsky wanted the whole foreman to instruct him as a true hetman. He again announced the council in Korsun on September 25. All the colonels and centurions gathered, and the Polish envoy Kazimierz Benyowski and Yuri Nemirich, the Ovruch elder, the nobleman of the Orthodox faith, arrived. At this council, Vygovsky was elected and approved at the hetmanship.

Having taken the hetman's mace, Vygovsky now went to Hadiach and dug out of the ground a large treasure buried by Hetman Bogdan in the Hadiach castle, a whole million talars. Vygovsky considered this treasure as a Cossack treasure, and not for his own, Bogdanov. Vygovsky intended to spend this treasure for his measures in order to Ukraine from Moscow and give it to the Polish queen; he thought for Bogdanov talars to hire a horde, to hire in his Chyhyryn regiment of Germans and Khodachkov noblemen for his personal defense.

Vygovsky returned to Chigirin happy, cheerful, satisfied. Vin moved from his wretched tent to the palace of the deceased hetman, new, beautifully dressed, spacious, considering the palace as a treasure good, as a hetman's palace, ranked. With his head high, he proudly walked through the spacious worlds, covered with Persian carpets, hung with expensive harness, expensive guns, sabers decorated with shelves, on which shiny and golden

bowls, wading, tarels, cups, cougars and glasses. Laughing thoughts stirred in his head, flashing like lightning into a dark night. Power, glory, honor, gold and silver, wealth, brilliance, ideals of politics, happiness of Ukraine, enlightenment – all this was crowded in his head by a crowd, mixed in his thoughts, like gold and silver, sprinkled with pearls, doused with lightning fire. Dumas alarmed the hetman, did not give rest, then shuddered with eagles, then poured birds, exiled him, slaughtered dizzy.

"Oh my thoughts, thoughts, golden dreams! until now you will come true like magnificent golden dreams. Now the power is in my hands! Now I will turn back the wheel of the history of Ukraine! I do not now push on the Ukraine of the rude quarrelsome Moscow boyars, Ukraine from Moscow and oddam to the polish queen. Onde my ideals! Onde zrazets for Ukraine! Glory and gold will pour on me! The king is generous, he will grant me lands, villages, forests, gold and silver for this act. I will set a condition for Poland to become a Grand Duchy... to ensure stronger independence from Poland... Now I will transport my sweet Olesia to this palace with honor and glory, satisfy her golden ancient dreams, sprinkle her with gold and pearls. The people won't follow me... but I now have power in talars... I will hire a horde, hire Poles, slaughter the tanks for boys and ordinary Cossacks, and still come to Poland, to the enlightened and strong-willed Polish nobility. I will bring the enlightened Cossack nobility to Ukraine, establish schools, universities, establish enlightenment, my dear Ukraine will be highly regarded as Europe stands. Oh my thoughts, my thoughts are golden! It is necessary to write to Olesya, let him go to Chigirin! Let him ride with brilliance, with honor! Let him enter Chigirin with a big train!"

Vygovsky now sent a Cossack-horseman to Kyiv with a letter to Olesya, in which he informed her that the Cossacks had chosen him as hetman and ordered her to come to Chyhyryn. Olesya was unsteady of joy. She felt so happy that she immediately congratulated her, and soon happiness and joy crept her white cheeks with blushes. Having received the news of the hetman, Olesya wanted to visit Prince Lyubetsky and Mr. Sukhodolska. But she knew well that she had all kept a caress in them after she went out for Vygovog without listening to their advice. Olesya sent Yakilina to their daughter for a place.

On the second day in the morning, Tytka (Aunt) Yakylyna went to Prince Lyubetsky for her farm around Kyiv, which she gave to the session of

Lyubetsky, and at this opportunity she told that Vygovsky had already been chosen as a hetman, and Olesya was now a hetmansha.

Prince Lübecki wiped his black eyes out of wonder at Yakilina; Lyubetska also looked at Yakilina with surprise. Both of them did not hope that Vygovsky would be a hetman, and Olesya would be a hetman. Both the prince and the princess now warned that it was not they, the princes and senators, but Vygovsky and Olesya who were now the highest officials in Ukraine. Both of them became more affectionate to Yakilina Pavlovska, greeted her affectionately, were kind to her and asked Olesya to come to them on the second day. Returning home, Yakilina Pavlovska told Olesya how she was accepted by both Lyubetskys. Olesya laughed.

" Now they sang another and more cheerful, singing another and my old uncle Christopher Stetkevich, who once stood on end against my marriage with Vygovsky," Olesya said.

On the second day, having cleaned up and dressed up, Yakilina and Olesya went on a lunch to Lyubetsky. There they found Sukhodolsk. Both Lyubetsky and Sukhodolska became like other people. It's not the one that was frontier. Not only was it not in their contempt, but they stomped around Olesya, congratulated, healed and did not know where to plant. Olesya held herself spoky, but her eyes showed barely faint ridicule. At the table, Olesia was seated in the first place; Lyubetska sat one bik from Olesya, and the prince – on the other.

" Well, now, my beloved Olesya, although you will be married to a Cossack, but you are the first person in Ukraine between all Cossacks," Lyubetsky said. – Just remember, olesya's heart, that you now have the power of a Cossack foreman, you can have an influence on the hetman and on the Cossack foreman. Do not forget that you are a noblewoman and a princely mother. Already there, as you know, cunningly and wisely, in a Woman's way, stand up for the right of nobility, both Ukrainian, Orthodox and Catholic, and Polish. Do not forget about Poland, because even though Hetman Bogdan gave up Ukraine Moscow, but Poland is still standing, has not yet fallen and will be in its essence, as long as the court-eye. And let it stand and flourish, for we have obtained sobility and gentlemen's privileges and higher enlightenment.

"Okay, okay, prince! – Olesya called, even though she felt in her soul that she was unable by her temper to interfere in political affairs and manage them, because she loved more home and family life.

– Persuade and train, the heart of Olesya, Vygovsky, as the prince advises you, – added sobi Lyubetska, giving Olesya a cup of wonderful honey after the last injury.

Having reconciled with Olesya at the time, the Lubetskys again kissed Olesia both in the mouth and cheeks and said goodbye to her.

– You, the heart of Olesya, you still need to go to Mokransy to the opikun, ask for his apology. Still, it's your favorite to be your uncle," Lyubetsky said at the farewell.

"I'm thinking of going tomorrow," Olesya said. And on the second day she went to Mokransy with her mother Jaquilina and with her two daughters.

They came to Mokransy. Old Christopher did not visit them and was very surprised.

"I thought that you, Olesya, have been living in Chigirin for a long time," Christopher said affectionately and privately.

" No, my dear uncle! I was weak for a long time, and then I became pregnant and gave birth to a son. The birth was heavy. I haven't been to Chigirin yet. So somehow I was not lucky in this, as in the matchmaking of Vygovsky. My hetman wants me to enter Chyhyryn with splendor, a high-ranking guard, a hetman's guard," Olesya said.

- He's telling the truth. When you are a hetmansha, you should enter Chyhyryn with a parade and with splendor. But you don't have a good outfit: yours, still your father's, old, old-fashioned. Take our new French, parade carriage, for the parade for a tall person has a great guard, and go to Chigirin with splendor, and you are now a tall face.

Olesya kissed Christopher in the hand. The carriage was painted with green paint and gilded on scars. There were two doors with branches in the carriage. "Besides," said old Stetkevich, "it is not suitable for you to go alone:

it is necessary that a train follows you, like a queen. I will not go, because I am old, and I do not think of pestering the Cossack stratum, as bailiff Yuri Nemyrych and other Ukrainian nobles. Take with you the mother of Yakylyna Pavlovska and relatives: Lhovska, Podarytska and others. Let this Pauline ride with you. It will be your motorcade and two-state.

– Oh, what a glad I am that I will go to Chigirin! Pavlyna Rudnytska shouted.  
– I'll look at people and see the world!

She stood up and kissed Christopher Ststkevich in the hand. She did have the idea that she would find a suitor there among the Cossacks.

" But remember, Olesya, that you are a noblewoman! My uncle said further.  
– Stand before Vygovsky, before the Cossack foreman for the nobility, for her privileges. Do not forget about Poland. You love Poland. All that our ancient nobility got both in privileges and in enlightenment, all that came to her from Poland. And when I learned enlightenment, got my mind to the volitional enlightened socialist and Calvinian thoughts, I did all that from Europe, but went through Poland, because Poland did not close the door for all this, and Moscow would close and would not let any world out of Poland and from behind the border; then darkness will cover the Ukraine.

"Okay, uncle, okay! Olesya said, but her thoughts turned not around the enlightenment of Europe and Poland, but around the French carriage and outfits. She was already wondering what kind of French dress to sew for the ceremonial entrance to Chigirin in order to impress the woman of the Cossack foremen, who dressed up in kuntush, zhupany, plakhty and namitki.

Olesya and Pavlina gathered all their goodness on a long journey. They thought of staying for a short time in Kiev to sew new clothes. Quickly afterwards, won't left for Kyiv.

Arriving in Kyiv, Olesya called a tailor Vasylykivsky, who was learning to tailor in Warsaw and knew how to sew fashionable Polish hats. Both Olesya, Pavlyna, and Yakilina's mother were picking up a dear mother on a dress. The tailor went in the circle of work. Olesya asked her to take her to Chyhyryn and her daughters, Marinka and a small prisya. Titka stood up to it and started cleaning them up and scrambling them. Olesyn acquaintances and distant relatives, Lhovska and Podarytska, invited by Olesya to Chyhyryn, also entered the restroom. Princess Lyubetska and Sukhodolska did not

want to go to Chyhyryn, since Olesya did not beg them. Only Olesyn's uncle, Prince Solomyretsky promised to go with her to Chyhyryn, because he had his own interests: he thought to ask the hetman and foreman to return the villages in Ukraine around Bar, because he was expelled by the Cossacks as a Catholic.

Hetman let Olesya know through the rider what day she had to leave Kyiv to shoot her in Chyhyryn as a tall person. Olesya left with the train and her daughter-in-law Marusya Stetkevychyeva, the woman of her brother Yuri, whom the hetman promised the colonel's government. Hetman's old father Yevstafiy Vygovsky, who lived in Kyiv, did not go with the hetman's office to Chyhyryn and came to live with his son.

At that time Bogdanov's son Yurii, a sixteen-year-old boy, and the third Bogdanov woman Anna, from the Zolotarenko family, lived in the Bogdanov house. Widowed after the first man Philip, she went beyond hetman Bohdan. Intelligent, respectable and masterful, she had a very great influence on Hetman Bogdan, brought out revelry and drunkenness at his court and was kind, the mistress in the house. Bogdan respected her and listened. The new hetman Vygovsky gave her two worlds for subsistence in the palace, and Yuriev – one room next to the worlds of the old hetmansha, so that she always had the ability to look after a young, weakly and disobedient guy.

The simple worlds of the late Bohdan were luxuriously dressed and painted with all kinds of arabesques. On the door were painted paintings from the ancient sacred history. Rows of expensive and gold dishes shone on the shelves: flames, dishes, all kinds of cups and healthy cougars. Everything in the worlds was renewed, cleaned, bleached. The worlds were cleaned like Easter, as if they were craving a new magnificent noblewoman-hetmansha.

Vygovsky let it be known by Olesya's letter when she was supposed to leave Kiev to shoot her train with honor. He asked the old hetmansha Anna Khmelnytska and Bogdanov's daughters from the first woman, Kateryna and Olena, to shoot the new hetmansha in the largest world with bread and village.

On the very day of her arrival, Anna Khmelnitsky sat in her chambers, dressed in a pleasant way. Tall and a little obese, she was still beautiful on the face. It was expensive but dark attire, dark cherry, with golden flowers, a kuntush, and a silk white patch woven with silver threads. On the neck on

the gold chain shone a large gold cross of a Byzantine curly shape, showered with considerable brilliances. It was a gift from the late Hetman Bohdan. The old hetmansha longed for the arrival of the young Vygovska and thought in the midst of the silence that prevailed in a healthy house, not frozen after the death of the old hetman. Hanna Khmelnytsky did not like that Vygovsky demanded that she do such an honor for the new hetmansha, but she had to obey, had to agree.

"Oh our God is merciful and merciful! Anna thought, sitting around the table, rubbing her cheek with her palm. – My glory has passed like a beautiful litto, and now I have to do what the new hetman is making up for me. He wants to give a very great honor to his noblewoman. When I arrived at the Bogdanov Palace, I never thought of meeting with any ceremonies, and now I, the same hetmansha as Olesya, have to serve, I, the hetmansha, who was listened to by Bohdan himself, who invited him to work together with foreign envoys... And once I had my hajduks, my young ladies, and had the right to issue hetman's universals to monasteries!.. The Polish queen wrote letters to me, foreign envoys bowed to me... And now... Oh, my glory passed, as if I had swam for water with leaves."

And the old hetmansha lifted up her magnificent brown eyes and sighed heavily, even her broad shoulders and head, tucked up by a squirrel, moved upwards.

The door creaked open. Vygovsky entered, dressed in a new red kuntush, all shiny, cheerful, lush. He bowed to Anna and kissed her in the arm.

– Already the train is not far from Chyhyryn. I ask you, mother, my dear hetmansha, go to the world and be in touch with the bread and village, and do not forget to bring my Olesia with a sincere private speech. Bogdanov's daughters are already waiting for you there: Ekaterina Vygovskaya and Elena Nechaeva. You stand in the middle of the world, and Let Catherine and Elena be around you on both sides, and let Yuras beat you.

- Ok! now I'm leaving! Hanna said, going along with Vygovsky to the parade world, where they sat on a long sofa covered with a luxurious Persian carpet, Catherine and Elena.

Both of them were dressed in expensive outfits. – On Catherine there was an expensive brocade green with dribble gold flowers, a kuntush, sheathed

with gold toothed posement, and a red silk spidn, covered with a golden barn, as if sprinkled with gold duckweed; around his neck glittered a lush, expensive robe of four pieces of dribble worms, on which at the bottom hung jagged quirks, bordered around the niba with stretched gold drops. Olena Nechayeva, more than Kateryna, dressed up in clearer hats: she had a velvet kuntush of delicate, clear cherry color and a silk blue sweater covered with a thin net. There were six dozens of considerable pearls and once dobry brilliants around her neck - a gift from her father Hetman Bogdan. In order to get acquainted with the newfangled taste of the new hetmansha, both Kateryna and Olena did not turn their heads with pieces, but put on brocade gold low eyes, from which long silver marks descended in waves on the neck and on their shoulders.

– But call Yurasya! Let him be the side of you, because he, though a guy, is still the son of Hetman Bohdan," Vygovsky said, and went out into the yard to send a hundred Cossacks, who, under the guidance of a young centurion Zolotarenko, nephew Anna Khmelnytska, had to go out on the train for Chyhyryn on the Kyiv route.

Meanwhile, the door to the first world, where Anna was sitting with Bogdan's daughters, seemed to have opened a whirlwind. Juras, a thin, blissful guy with a sharp nose, with cloudy eyes, flew into the world and made a noise all over the world.

- Mom! what it is? what is going on here in my father's palace? Juras shouted.

"And what's going on here, son?" We were going to shoot a new hetmansha. And you, Yurasya, must shoot her in the world, together with us, – Anna Khmelnytska called her to him.

"What is it?" What are they producing here in my lord? What is it that Ivan Ostapovich creates here? Juras rehearsed throughout the world.

" And what does it do? – Olena Nechayeva called. – A new hetmansha, Olena Bogdanovna, is executing.

- Elena, Elena! That new hetmansha surrendered to me! Do you know where my horses are now?

"No, we don't know. And where are your horses? Probably in a state," said Hanna Khmelnytska, grinning at the capriciousness of the arbitrary Yuras.

- Uh! in a state of... in good condition! In the barn! Where are my horses now! And Vygovsky's horse was put in his father's condition. I don't know what's going to happen next! Juras shouted. – If Ivan Ostapovich had stopped me in a barn, I would not have been taken by such annoyance as for my horses.

"But not in the barn-for, but in the county of your horse," Anna called, "and the county is good, not worse than I stand." A little bit of how your horses will stand in the story.

– Small, small! And when it is small, then why did the hetman not put his horses in the story, and mine? Who is the master of the house here? Vin, or me? I am the master! I am a hetman! And he took the money hidden by his father to the hetman's mace and Subotiv, dug up the money hidden by his father in the land, a whole million talars, and took it to the mace too. It's beautiful! I am a hetman! He robbed me! Robbed a great power of my father's money. I dug up the money buried in the castle in Hadiach by my father, a whole million talars! These are no jokes! it's robbery!

"But you, son, yourself have met the hetman's mace for how long, because you need to go to Kyiv to the academy and dance science," Hanna said.

– Why should I go to Kyiv? I'm going to get them together with my teachers at home. I will not go to Kiev until my horses are put in my condition! Khmelnytsky rehearsed, and tears were already trembling in his eyes, and his hands were shaking.

Hanna Khmelnytska jumped from the place and rushed to Yuras. She noticed that he had become very annoyed, and was afraid lest a black disease should come upon him and throw him on the ground. Anna began to persuade him with affectionate words and reassured him a little, promising that his horses would again be put in a state on the old place, as soon as the hetman's entrance would be dropped and the guests would leave. Jurassic calmed down.

– Sit, son, around us and live, because you must also shoot a young hetmansha together with us," Hanna said and Yurasya said next to her on

the sofa. Jurassic calmed down; his nervous weakness had passed, and his tears immediately dried up in his eyes. In childhood, he fell for black sickness; now that weakness has already passed, but he was now a nervous and capricious guy.

Kateryna Vyhovska left the world, quickly returned and brought the fresh, only baked bread. She placed a barn on a healthy dish, and a dribble of salt on top.

Soon the hetman entered the world, cast an eye over whether everything was all right, looked around the high-backed walls upholstered in red sapian, donkeys and round onions covered with red cloth and silk, eyed the carpets spread across the world, and said:

- Lord, behold! God bless you, the time is good!

Meanwhile, a Cossack-vistovets jumped into the world, who was looking out from the window to the field, and said:

– His Excellency Hetman! already the train appeared on the way behind the layout of five or six odes of Chigirin!

– It's time for me to go with the Cossacks to my hetmansha! Farewell in the meantime! – the hetman said to Anna Khmelnytska and jumped out into the yard where a hundred Cossacks stood. Hetman discharged the centurion with the Cossacks from the yard. The orchestra followed the Cossacks, and behind them a hetman with some colonels left on a magnificent horse. A hundred Cossacks jumped into the field. The orchestra stood on the bridge now behind the city. On the bridge hetmansha and the hetman with the foreman lived.

The power of the people gathered around the bridge and the Hetman's court. There was a rumor that the young hetmansha is the prince's daughter, that she was traveling with a big train in a golden carriage, and all the princes, nobles and Polish senators who would again reign in Ukraine under the new hetman were going after her. A rumor spread among the common people that, together with the hetman's, Polish lords would come and bring with them in a golden carriage some terrible widow, and she would start a serfdom again.

Soon, music played outside the hetman's court. Hanna Khmelnytska, Kateryna and Olena rushed to the windows. An orchestra entered the yard, and the music played a loud march. Danylo Vyhovsky drove to the music, and behind him quietly rolled a shiny French carriage, in which sat the Hetmansha, her daughter-in-law Marusya Stetkevichivna and little Prisia, daughter of Yakylyna Pavlovska. On all the horses above their heads, on the high Krakow collars, red belts were beckoning and burning like heat in the sun. Behind the hetman's carriage, rich and brilliant crews were rolling into the yard, in which sat Pavlovska, Podarytska, Rudnytska, Lhovska, a relative of the hetman, Vygovska, and other wealthy noblewomen, acquaintances of the hetman. Pavlovska took her beautiful daughter Maryntsia with her. Khrystyna, Marusy's daughter, whom the hetmansha loved for her gaiety and vivaciousness, sat in the crew with Pavlyna Rudnytska. Both in front of the train and behind the train, Cossacks galloped on horses, and behind them all rode the hetman's court servants in carts: a confectioner, a brewer, and a tailor, Vasylykivskyi, who agreed to go to Chigyrin for good money.

Hetman and Danylo Vyhovsky took Olesya out of the carriage. The hetman himself opened the door to the skylight and led her by the hand. The Hetmansha was dressed in a luxurious light blue dress, in a high, heavily starched, snow-white collar. She draped a crimson kuntush over her shoulders. The young hetmansha really joined Mr. Vyhovsky like a queen. The Cossack elder did not like this splendor. The colonels looked at each other and smiled from under their ears. All the relatives and acquaintances of the hetman were also dressed up in rich robes and kurtas, and in French dresses. The whole hall was filled with guests.

Anna Khmelnytska came forward to meet the Hetmansha and served her bread and salt. Hetmansha took the bread and did not kiss it.

"Kiss the bread, hetman, because that's our custom," Khmelnytska said quietly to Olesya.

- So forgive me, because I didn't know about this custom, - Olesya said quietly, - the nobles don't have this custom.

- And we, according to our old custom, serve you with bread and salt. Send it to you. God, in the new place of happiness and a long life, may you be healthy like water, rich like the earth, and flourish for a long time like a flower. May God grant that you and Ivan Ostapovich reign for a long time, live in

happiness and in goodness, and have grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and continue to be hetman until your age!

- Thank you! thanks! Olesya said. Kateryna approached Olesya, took bread and salt from her hands, put them on an expensive plate and put the plate on the table. Anna Khmelnytska began to greet the young Hetmanshe: she put both hands on Olesya's shoulders and kissed her three times, then both of them, as a sign of mutual respect, as both Hetmanshes, kissed each other on the shoulder. After greeting the old hetman, Olesya Vygovska greeted Bohdan's daughters in the same way as she greeted Hanna.

- And this is Yuras, the youngest son of the late hetman, - said Hanna.

- Not Yuras, mother, but Yuri! - called a sullen Yuras.

Olesya smiled and kissed Yuras three times.

- I have known Kateryna Vygovska for a long time: we met in Kyiv and often visited each other. But now we are already relatives, - said Olesya, turning to Kateryna.

- Oh, I'm very happy about it! We won't be bored in Chigyrna, I will have someone to talk to and entertain myself, - said the cheerful and talkative Kateryna.

Hetman began to recommend Olesin's relatives to Hanna Khmelnytskyi. Anna greeted them very kindly and sincerely.

- I am asking you, Hetmansha, and all your guests to sit down in our guest house! - asked Hanna Khmelnytska.

The young Hetmansha sat on the Turkish sofa in the first place. Relatives sat next to her. Vyhovsky asked the Cossack foreman to sit down. Colonels and centurions sat on chairs and on long supports facing the hetmansha. After the Cossack foreman, a lot of mustachioed breed, burghers and ordinary Cossacks soon crowded into the room. The house servant was looking in the door. Everyone was amazed at the unprecedented clothes of the new hetman. Both the Cossacks and the townspeople did not like the magnificent arrival of the Hetmansha and her relatives in expensive, shiny outfits; I also didn't like the Krakow collars with red wide belts attached to

them. All this luxurious setting of the arrival of the new Hetmansha was similar to the setting of the trains of Ukrainian Catholic lords and Polish nobles, whom the Cossacks had just expelled from Ukraine.

– The orthodox nobility came with the young hemansha. What a shame, soon after this nobility the Polish nobility will come to the hetman in Chhyryn, - shouted the Cossacks and boys, looking from all sides at the shiny crews, Krakow collars and expensive, shiny harness on horses.

The hetman ordered the centurion Zolotarenko to close the door and escort the extra crowd of burghers and Cossacks out of the skylight.

How did our Chigyrin appear to you, ladies? I think this is your first time in Chigyrin? - asked Khmelnytska in the hetmanship.

- After Kyiv, it seems very simple to me. I didn't like the fact that there were a lot of troops in Chigyrin, a lot of Cossacks. No matter which street you turn, there are Cossacks and Cossacks everywhere, as if I were somewhere in a military camp, Olesya said.

- Because Chigyrin is a military Cossack town. And you, Hetmansho, probably don't like Cossacks? - Olena Nechayeva asked Olesya.

- No, it's not that I don't like it... but where there are a lot of troops, it's not good to live there, it's restless: sabers rattle and timpani thunder everywhere, like in Kyiv near St. Sophia, where the Moscow archers have now settled. You see, I'm from a noble family and I'm not used to Cossacks, Olesya said.

- It's okay, it's okay! - said Hetman Vyhovsky. - If you live in Chigyrina, you will get used to it. But in the spring, as it warms up outside, we will move to live in Subotiv, in the spacious and bright palace of Hetman Bohdan. And there are gardens like paradise, there are beehives in gardens, where you can't go back. You will live peacefully there: I know that you love peace and quiet.

- It's so beautiful there, like in paradise! I will often visit you, Hetmansha, on Saturdays, said Kateryna.

- Visit me, dear Kateryna, in Chigyrina, because in a new place, among new people for me, I will be as if in a distant foreign land, - said Olesya to her old

acquaintance Kateryna, whom she loved for her cheerful disposition and natural conversational nature.

Meanwhile, the conversation between the old and young Hetmansha somehow did not go well. It was immediately clear that they did not like each other. The Cossack foreman muttered to himself, looking askance at the new Hetmansha. Olesin's relatives were silent and examined the skylight and the furnishings. One Kateryna was having a conversation with Olesya, like an old acquaintance. It began to subside in the skylight; it was obvious that the guests were tired after a long journey. The young and nimble Khrystyna, Olesina's godless, shameless fairy tale, yawned, and then got up from the chair, took Marynts's hand with her, and the two of them walked around the skylight, looking at the intricately intertwined drawings on the walls and the expensive weapons that were hung in the corners. Cheerful Khrystyna, not paying attention to the respectable elder, began to run and even let loose. Marusya Stetkevychева tried to stop her daughter, but Khrystyna didn't even listen to her and beat Marinka in the wilderness; took guns and sabers from the walls and handed them to Maryna, who did not know what to do with those guns and sabers, and turned them in her hands. Hetmansha stopped Khrystyna with difficulty and ordered the maidens not to touch what did not belong to them. Khrystyna sulked and got angry. Marinka sat down next to her, and they began to talk quietly about the young centurions who sat opposite them.

In the meantime, the messenger let it be known that a messenger from the king - Beniovskyi, whom the hetman had hoped to see him the other day, was on his way. The hetman sent two colonels to meet him, and he and the foreman went out on the porch and waited for him. Soon Beniovskyi arrived with two gentlemen. Vyhovsky greeted him sincerely and invited him to the lighthouse. Soon Casimir Beniovskyi, an old friend of Hetman Vyhovskyi, now an envoy from Warsaw to the Polish king, entered the lighthouse. He entered the skylight with a quiet, dignified gait, and Vyhovsky greeted him again, hugged him crosswise and kissed him three times. From this warm and joyful greeting, it was possible to notice that the hetman and Mr. Beniovskyi had been in great friendship for a long time, even when hetman Bohdan was still alive. It was not hidden from the eyewitnesses of their long-standing friendship, both from the Cossack foreman and from Olesya.

Vygovsky took Benyovsky's hand and led to Olesia:

– My dear hetmansha! This is the noble Lord Kazimierz Benyowski, a Volhynian castellan and envoy to his mercy of the clearest king. Arriving in Chigirin this time, his excellency wants to congratulate you, hetmansha.

Hetmansha stood up and gladly became acquainted with Benyovsky. Benyovsky began to give her an eloquent speech. He became famous for his speeches both in Poland and Ukraine, for the sake of that the king often chose him as an envoy to Ukraine, when it was necessary to incline the Cossack foreman to Polish interests with flattering words and, in order, to deceive her with eloquent promises. Benyovsky stood among the world against the hetmansha to give his vital speech. According to the ancient custom of orators, he began his speeches either from Adam and Noah, or from God himself, which in our times turns out to be a little laughable.

– The highest mind, which we narrate by God, the highest essence, the king above heaven and earth, once created the first man Adam and the first woman Eve, – this is how Benyovsky began his speech. – The highest essence of the first man and his companion in a lush paradise, deliberate for this first couple is planted. You, the noble hetmansha, with the noble hetman now in Chigirin and in Su-botov, as Adam and Eve were in paradise. I congratulate you, clear gentleman from a great family, and wish you happiness and destiny in this new paradise in magnificent Ukraine, I congratulate you on your high title, with the title of queen in Ukraine according to your position in the Ukrainian society.

Benyovsky kissed the hetman's hand, she kissed him on the shoulder.

- I ask you, my excellency sir, to sit down. Be our nice guest. I wish to see you often in Chyhyryn and visiting us, even though you live far from us," the hetmansha said.

Benyovsky sat against the hetman's circle of the table.

- Oh, not a close world! I am now staying at my estate in Podilla, around Bar, but I am full of the fact that I live in Warsaw or Volhynia.

– Come to us more often, you will tell me about Warsaw, about the dvor, about two-year customs, about everyday life: there will be something to listen to, because I, I confess, am very interested to know; how people who are higher than us and more enlightened live.

– Thank you, his Excellency Hetmansho, for the honor! Thanks!

– Here, in Chyhyryn, in the palace of Hetman Bohdan, everything is very old-School: on the walls, behind the images, towels are embroidered, angels and all kinds of drawings are painted on the ceiling, as if in a church. I don't like it.

"Why?" Angels do not harm anyone, – said the old hetmansha Anna.

"It is, but the church is a church, and the palace is a palace," Olesya said. – Here in the palace of my late panotian, and in Prince Solomyretsky, and in Prince Lübecki, everything is already foreign: cupids and Venus are painted on the stele, as in the Louvre or in Warsaw in the palace of the king.

- No, the noble hetmansho, nothing! If you wait, you will also put up a palace, and the Warsaw masters paint you such cupids and cupids that it will be very good to see: love itself will be asked into the heart from the ceiling and walls. And the cunning cupids will nod at your beauties with a finger with their fingers: beware, they say, of beauty, because my arrows are not jokes! Oh, beware! for the Chyhyryn Cossacks are not free from the arrows of Cupid: they also kill the Cossacks.

Benyowski turned to the ladies and young ladies and nodded his finger at them. The ladies smiled.

- Oh, you're already talking! It can be seen that you are Warsaw," said Pavlovska, a smiling and provocative.

The doors opened, and a nobleman, Kyiv's podkomorii Yuri Nemyrych, entered the world with a number of provocative children-lords, who, by will or by captivity, were favorable to the Cossacks under Hetman Bohdan and went to the Cossacks to his service, although they were oppressed by him for the fact that because of his boys they had fallen from serfdom. Having proved that the young hetmansha was living in Chyhyryn, Nemyrych arrived in Chyhyryn in advance to congratulate the young hetmansha-noblewoman. Tall and equal in condition, with intelligent eyes, respectable on the move, a glorious orator of the time and a learned man, Yuri Nemirich entered the world quietly and respectfully, as if he had entered the Senate. He was often

chosen by the nobility as an envoy to the Warsaw Sejm, and he made very eloquent and intelligent speeches in Latin in the Sejm and senate. Nemirich was dressed in French outfits of the XVII century, in black caftan, in boots and stockings. A tall, thick komira was around his neck, but on top of this outfit Nemirich threw a Cossack dark green velvet kuntush over his shoulders.

– My dear hetmansha! These are Yuri Nemyrych, a child, an Ovruch headman and a Kyiv podkomory; this is my dear acquaintance," Vygovsky said to his wife.

Olesya stood up. Nemyrych congratulated her with a short introduction, mixing the old-School book language with a living Ukrainian language. Yuri Nemirich kissed Olesya in the hand. She asked him to sit down. Nemyrych also became acquainted with the old hetmansha. He has been in recent times to Hetman Bogdan, to his palace, having reconciled with the new Cossack Suspil way of life in Ukraine. Nemirich became accustomed to Benyovsky as an old acquaintance.

"How glad I am that we shot here, as if we conspired," Benyovsky said to Nemyrych. – How we have seen each other a long time ago! how long ago!

"There is no place for the truth, but for a long time," Nemirich said.

– I have long heard about you, dear sir, from my uncle and opikun Christopher Stetkevich. He praised you very much as a learned man and a glorious speaker. He is a calvinist like you.

- Oh no, noble! I was once a socialist in my youth, but I returned to the faith of my people," said Yuri Nemirich. - I've been Orthodox again a long time ago.

"Have you been to foreign lands?" In France, in Paris?- asked his hetman.

- Moreover, it is clear that in Holland. I looked closely at foreign life, at school, at science, in order to enlighten myself a little, because both in ours and in Polish schools there is no true world science, which now comes to an entity in foreign lands. I would like [to] start such schools and we have a replacement of spiritual church schools in Ukraine. I returned to the faith of my ancestors, pestered, like many of our Orthodox nobles-children, to the

late Hetman Bohdan, because even though the Cossacks demolished the partitions between all layers of our society, they reduced our nobility, but Bogdan, though maybe frantically, liberated the people from the crimea.

- Mr. Yuri! lords should be in every state, for they have a high command to defend the land and take care of science and enlightenment," Benyowski said.

– This is my work, and not yours, Mr. Benyovsky," yuriy Nemyrych called, "I myself do not expect the value of the highest stratum, nobility for my stepfather, but I do not like slavery. Every man wears the image of God.

- Noble Gentlemen! Now it's time not to compete, but to have fun, that my dear hetmansha safely drove from Kyiv to a new home. Mom, it would be time to attract guests with old honey, from which all the clouds move from the forehead! – said the hetman to Anna Khmelnytska. – Treat, mom, my young hetmansha and my distinguished guests with that honey: maybe they will have a little fun.

Hanna Khmelnytska went out for a while, and then returned. After her, a Cossack and a wine on a medium dish, a healthy zhban of old honey and cups already poured with honey, entered the world: Vygovsky submitted the first cup to Olesya, took one cup in his hands, all the guests took cup honey and stood up.

– Let's drink for the health of my dear young hetmansha! Vygovsky said.

– For the health of the noble young hetmansha! Grant, O God, that your life may be sweet and strong, like this old honey, a drunken forehead! Benyovsky called out to the whole world. - Wow! wow! wow!

All the guests shouted thrice, "Vivat!". It was at that time that hetman's uncle Olesya arrived at the court by his mother, Prince Bogdan Solomyretsky, with his young daughter Zinaida. The door opened in the world and, as the guests drank honey and shouted wool, Solomyretsky appeared on the threshold next to his beautiful daughter.

- Wow! Prince Solomyretsky! Pour cups with honey! Let's drink for the health of the prince and his daughter Zinaida! – Vygovsky called out to his relatives-

princes, glad that he was visited by Olesina's relatives who went against Olesyn's marriage with him.

– For black eyes and beautiful eyebrows of young ladies Marinza, Christina and Prince Zinaida! wow! Benyovsky hummed, as if he were a young panicked man.

- Wow! – the guests shouted, and the young ladies were ashamed, blushed and only looked at each other: they say, and why it is such an honor for us. The Cossack foreman only looked over and grinned. The Cossacks knew that they were drinking for the health of young ladies and women only in Polish palaces; it was not a Cossack custom to drink in public under respectable opinions for the health of women. Besides, they did not like the arrival to the new hetman of nobles and relatives of the hetmansha of the high circle.

Marinetsa and Christina rushed to Zinaida and began to hug and heal with her.

" Oh, how glad I am that you, Marintsi, and you, Zinaido, came to Chyhyryn," Christina said to the young ladies, "there will be someone to walk and chat with. And then talk to the old ones! There I'm calming down from old kids and uncles! Christina joked, glancing at those little girls and uncles.

"And you know, the heart of Christ, that the hetmansha asks my mother to stay with her to live in Chyhyryn and subotov," Marinka Khrystyna whispered quietly in her ear.

"Really! That's good! Christina said, and turned around in one place, and then jumped.

"And what are you whispering about, ladies?" Surely about us, the old ones? Vygovsky asked the youngsters from afar.

– Of course! They whisper surreptitiously not about us, the old, but about the young! Said the jolly Benyowski. - Oh ladies! beware only of young Cossacks, these steppe eagles. Once upon a time, young noblewomen and young ladies, and lords, and... some did not return home, even in foreign cases, not only pannas: they flew to the free steppes with beautiful Cossacks, left even their men. Oh, beware of the Cossacks! Because the

Cossack, like an eagle, when he saw a girl, died, – joked the cheerful Benyovsky.

" But we, Mr. Benyovsky, are not too afraid of this! We are safe in this," said the cheerful Christina.

"We are not afraid of Cossacks," Marinka added after her.

– My beautiful lady! Don't count in advance and don't vouch for your heart, because your heart is strong-willed like a viter," Benyowski said.

"I'll ask in advance," Christina called out.

"And I'll wait," Marinka said.

– Look only and beware! It's not stupid to sleep in the song: "Oh, the girl-throat is turning to the Cossack," Benyovsky said and left his finger on three young ladies. - You are three graces, and some Cossacks love graces, even though they are all in battles a little less every day.

The young ladies actually stared the bevel with their eyes at the Cossacks, who sat in a long row. Young and beautiful centurions and simple Cossacks, sons of some respectable old centurions and colonels sat among the living officers.

– And take a closer look and guess which of the young Cossacks is the best here? – said the cheerful Christina to Marinka and Zinaida.

Marinka and Zinaida grinned and remained silent.

" But jokes are jokes, and we have the time and honor to know, to give a young hetmansha and travelers, because they have become more expensive. Am I telling the truth, Mr. Podkomorii? Benyowski said, getting up from the place.

- Your truth, right! We need the honor to know," Nemirich said.

Benyovsky, Nemyrych and the entire Cossack foreman stirred, getting up from the place: they all said goodbye to the hetmansha and to the visitors. Hetman invited everyone to his worlds until they were called for a lunch.

– Do not forget us, the noble Mr. Benyovsky! Come to us! And you, Mr. Nemyrich, do not pass away our lord! – the hetmansha invited them.

- Already whose lord I will pass, and I will not pass yours! Benyowski said, turning around on his doorstep.

The guests stayed in the world and spoiled. Yakilina Pavlovska sat next to Anna Khmelnytska and quickly met her and talked. Pavlina Rudnytska was unusually glad that she had entered a distant and new land for her. The Cossacks made a very pleasant impression on her. She began to dream that here in Chyhyryn some Cossack prudius would cling to her, fall in love with her, woo her perfectly, and she would leave Chyhyryn as a substitute, not a lady.

The guests chatted for a long time, longing for lunch, when Juras entered the world and, without shame, the fairy tale, spoke loudly, not counting on the guests:

"What is it, Mom?" what it is?

"And what is it?" The world, and our dear guests in the world, – anna Khmelnytska called.

– I already want to eat! Why don't you give lunch? I have been wanting to eat for a long time and I will not stand it any longer. I'm not used to craving. The whole Chigirin has already had lunch, and you don't even think about the lunch and have no idea.

– So, son, are you telling the truth: it's really time for our guests to have lunch. And go,

Catherine, and ask the cooks if the lunch is ready? Catherine went out for a while and returned to the world again.

"Already, mom, I'm ready." I don't know if the hetman and foreman are ready for lunch," Kateryna said.

Meanwhile, Vygovsky came in and asked Anna if it was possible to ask the foreman and guests to the table. Kateryna said that it was possible, because

the lunch was ready. And Hanna Khmelnytska, a good hostess, fed the guests and the hetmansha with such a delicious meal that they happened to eat. The young hetmansha hoped that during the lunch and on the afternoon there would be a healthy drinker, that the Cossack foreman would start drinking and walking without a dream. But nothing happened. Hanna Khmelnytska did not order to serve a lot of vodka and wine on the tables. Even after Bogdan's belly, she brought out a revelry and drunkenness at the hetman's court.

After a Cossack foreman, after drinking a little, Vygovsky, who was sober, went to his cabinet [with Benyovsky], Yuri Nemyrych, Prince Solomyretsky, Danylo Vygovsky, and even with a number of Orthodox noblemen who came with Nemyrych to congratulate the young hetmansha on her arrival. After smoking healthy cradles, they sat on low Turkish sophs and began to chat with a sincere heart.

– Here you are, Yvan Ostapovich, now a hetman in Ukraine. What will happen next? Nemirich asked Hetman, expressing his thoughts.

– It will be further away, which lies secretly in all of your head. But I guess your thoughts, Mr. Nemyrych, I will just say that I am not mistaken... – the hetman called out and looked intently just in the eyes of Nemyrychev with his smart sharp eyes.

"The Cossacks chose you as a hetman, and you did not send even an envoy to Moscow to inform the tsar about his election," Nemirich said.

- I don't think to send an envoy to Moscow. I don't like Moscow, I don't like Moscow's unproven, and very rude, and naked Moscow boyars. I do not like those Moscow voivodes who have already settled with the archers in our larger cities, even in those in which, under the condition of Hetman Bogdan with Tsar Alexy, they should not be, such as: in Chernihiv, in Nizhyn," Vygovsky said.

– Moscow governors will sit down in all our cities and take Ukraine into their own hands. You will see, the noble hetman! Nemirich said. – Moscow has already formed from broken divisions into a monarchy, and the monarchy will not tolerate our republic in Ukraine either now or later will break and demolish our orders, our privileges, our way of life. Poland is now a republic, and the

republic is noble: under Poland and in Ukraine, hetmanate will be maintained.

"It's you, Mr. Nemyrych, as if you're reading my thoughts in my head," Hetman Vygovsky said, grinning. – Besides, Moscow is not enlightened and it will not care about the world of science and will not respect our enlightenment in Ukraine.

– At Moscow, our prosperity will fall, our schools will fall, because not from Moscow comes to us the world of science, but from foreign lands through Poland. We need to start two universities: in Kyiv and in Vinnitsa, at least two, and such universities as I have seen beyond the border, with the sciences of the world, true, and not with the theology of our Kyiv-Mohyla Academy. Poland will let it go, and the Moscow boyars will call these border schools ungodly and Lutheran," Nemirich said.

"We will have a lot of red tape with Moscow for such a school," Danylo Vygovsky called.

– Moscow will never allow the will of our nobility, however Orthodox, not only Catholic; and how many Hetman Bohdan expelled from Ukraine the Ukrainian, though not already catholicized, nobility! – said, Prince Solomyretsky, – Did it work well? Why don't these noblemen and children not be children of the same mother of Ukraine?

Both Vygovsky and Nemyrych remained silent and did not respond to this opinion of Prince Solomyretsky.

"Again, the fact that a state without nobility is impossible," Nemirich began to say. – The nobility and only the nobility have the ability to take care of their enlightenment and spread the sciences throughout the state. You, the Cossacks, would need to get noble privileges, and not to meet with the plebs, who have no time to take care of education and enlightenment.

- That's the holy truth! – shouted the hetman. - Your opinions are true. Cossacks should meet with the nobility and leave noble privileges, and not become a pan-brother with a plebs. Because of this, Poland will be more useful to us. But what will the Cossack foreman say to this? What will simple Cossacks say? What will the people say? Poland is disliked in Ukraine.

"There will be a fight, there will be a stabbing all the time, but after everyone sees that the Poles do not interfere in affairs in Ukraine, they will fall silent, and then they will gradually get used to the new order," Nemyrych said.

"I decided to unite with Poland again," Hetman Vygowski said, "and I will do it, no matter how some Cossacks stick to it, they would have poured years of blood. The king himself must connect us with the Poles, as equal to the equal, strong-willed with the strong-willed. Tomorrow I will invite the Cossack foreman to myself for advice and find out what is in their thoughts and thoughts, what is their view on it. My heart lies to Poland, not to dark Moscow. And you, The Most High Mr. Benyovsky, come to us tomorrow for advice and make a proposition from the king and the senate. I have no idea to start this proposition myself.

- Ok, good, noble! May Mr. Nemyrych come, and you noblemen come: maybe we will persuade the colonels who disagree with us.

On the second day in the evening, Hetman Vygovsky summoned a Cossack foreman for advice to listen to the proposal of the royal envoy Benyovsky. The hetman walked on a clearly educated world in a quiet procession, lowering his head to the ground. Thoughts swarmed in his head, warning each other like waves on the water in bad weather on a healthy wind. Vygovsky, as soon as he became a hetman, immediately conceived a plan to unite Ukraine with Poland, but he felt that after the Bogdanovs' defeat over Poland, this would be difficult and dangerous.

"Oh, my head conceived a big and dangerous dilo! – thought the hetman, breaking his hands so that his fingers were peeling off. " And you need to grasp with this work, because Juras will come out of the academy and take the hetman's mace from me. It breaks my whole soul not at halftime, but there, on the west, in Poland, in Europe. The sun shines there for me, and the night seems to be covered with black clouds. The king will endow me with estates, villages, forests; the river will pour gold from Warsaw. Oh, my thoughts, my golden ones! You do not give me rest no day or night. But we have to... it is necessary to carry out the work wisely and carefully, so that sometimes my head does not roll to the ground like a children's ball: in this case – either a gentleman or disappear!

And all the fingers on both hands of the hetman were crunched; his head bowed even lower again, and his walk around the world became quieter.

Hetman stood back and stood in the same place; his head seemed to snarl in a crowd of laughable thoughts, as if it could not bear the great weight of great thoughts. It was as if he had seen before his eyes that brilliance, strength and glory of Ukraine, because he loved the region very much.

The Cossack foreman, who then came to Chyhyryn, began to gather in the world: Pavlo Teterya, a Pereyaslav colonel, came, who was the sister of Hetman Vygovsky; bogdanovich-Zarudny, general judge; Tymish Nosach, general wagon train; bogdan Khmelnytsky's brother-in-law Yakim Somko came; came Tsutsyura, [Ostap Zolotarenko], colonels Danylo Vygovsky and Nechay; Bogdanov's sons-in-law and other centurions, who then arrived in Chyhyryn. Soon Yuri Nemirich entered the world, and now the royal envoy, Mr. Benyovsky, has joined him.

– From the clearest king from Warsaw came to us, the hetman, and to you, the Cossack foreman, the envoy of the most noble Benyovsky with the royal proposition. We ask you to listen carefully to the proposal and, having consulted together with us, to tell the envoy your answer, – Hetman Vygovsky began to speak.

– Will it, hetman, be glad, or only advice?-- asked the hetman some of the officers.

- No, that's just advice, yes... meanwhile... As it is in our order, then we will gather a true Cossack council and shroud this proposition from the king and the Polish Senate," Vygovsky said.

Hetman stood in the middle of the world at the table. Around the table was a Cossack foreman in a circle. Mr. Benyowski addressed the circle and began to express the Polish proposition in his oratory.

– The highest essence, our heavenly father, who created the heavens and the earth, in paradise gave a great command to our forefather Adam and our forefather Eve, and through them and all people he commanded to love and live in agreement. We are all children of our one forefather, we are all brothers. There was no Catholic or Orthodox in paradise. And we once had paradise both in Ukraine and in Poland; we once lived in agreement in a brotherly way, loved, put up with and did not know adversity. We did not suffer any quarrel, no fighting, because we fought, as equal to the equal, volitional with the strong-willed.

– Dear Lord, you tell the truth, – Pavlo Teterya called.

- Holy truth! Hetman said.

"It was probably how the Jesuits made werewolves-Catholics out of our Ukrainian lords," Somko said mockingly.

"So you interrupted my speech," Benyowski said. – The enemy of human souls, damned, deliberately led us, took care of quarrels against our destruction. Having hit ourselves in the Persians, let us know our grievances and forgive our mutual transgressions alone. Let us forget about the ancient quarrels and competitions and come together again and live in harmony, as our forefather Adam lived in paradise with our forefather Eve. Hetman Bogdan did something wrong by Ukraine poland. Let's forget about Bogdanov's work, we will smear it from the cards of our history, from Cossack black lithopis.

"Well, Mr. Benyovsky! What is written with a pen, you can't take it out with an ox," Tsutsura called out.

– I came to you, hetman and foreman, with a proposal from our august king to bring Ukraine to Poland. Pester Poland as equal to the levels, free to the volitional. And we are bad without you, and you are not good without us; and the Poles were guilty, and the Cossacks were not without grievances and mistakes," Benyovsky said further. – Our clearest king, our true father, will forgive and forgive the Cossacks for their transgressions, their mistakes, and give the considerable foreman the right of nobility, and will raise them in relations with the Polish nobility.

– Won't our shadow become longer than we become nobles? Nosach didn't tolerate it, not to joke.

"I think that the nobility should be in every state, it should be in our country," said Yuri Nemyrych. - The Cossack foreman should have noble privileges, because she won them with a sword and already has them. I stick, and the whole Orthodox nobility will willingly stick with me to Poland, as a state much more enlightened than Moscow, a state similar to the way of life of the Cossack.

" Mr. Nemyrych is telling the truth," said Danylo Vygovsky.

"So, you interrupt me," Mr. Benyovsky began to say. - I am sent from the king to you, as is Noah's dove to the ark, and bring to you, the Cossacks, an olive gill of peace and agreement with Poland. Break with Moscow and lean back against the strong hand of the clearest Polish king, ours and your born father and benefactor.

Some of the colonels echoed when they heard Benyowski's proposition. There was a homin in the world. Some did not want to listen further to those propositions, the others stopped them so that they would not re-order to speak further to Mr. Benyovsky. The ardent Somko, the ardent Nosach took the sabers out of their hides and began to wave them.

- We don't want to listen to this anymore! We do not stick to such a proposition! We don't need a Polish king! He will allow Ukraine polish and Catholic sedated Ukrainian nobility, our Jesuits! They will return the people to Catholicism again! The Ukrainian nobility will be buried again!

"Didn't you bring us the same with oil, gentleman?" Somko said, showing him his saber.

- Not true! Not a sword, but peace is brought to us by the noble Lord Benyovsky. To Poland! to Poland! to connect to Poland! Pavel Teterya shouted.

" It won't be anybody! We don't need nobility! We are all here now: noblemen, Cossacks, and men," said Ostap Zolotarenko.

- Agree! it! Don't make any noise! Think, remember, and then tell your. This is only a proposition of the clearest king, and the world is not yet close to the very moment, there will still be a good sweep," the hetman said, reassuring the foreman. – Put sabers in the hills! We insult the messenger of the clearest king. The messenger is the person consecrated. Sh-sha!

- I've only given you a proposition of consent! May there be peace among us on the earth, as in the sky between cherubim and seraphim! – reassured the Cossacks Benyovsky. - Is there anything better in the world than peace and agreement, when fraternal peoples live in agreement, like equal brothers? What are we not to take both in body and in spirit? Are we not

children of the father of heaven? Are we not close to the latter? Our father, the King of Poland, does not neglect those who repent before him and lean against his hand. And we will live in agreement. There will be a paradise in Ukraine again.

"We already know now about your proposition, Mr. Benyovsky, there is nothing more to talk about it," Somko said. – 3 this beer will not be a miracle. The action has already been made by Hetman Bogdan, and the dead man is not returned from the tomb.

- My Excellency Sir! You bring us with your offer not peace, but a sword," Tymish Nosach called. – The king and lords will put on the Ukraine of Polish children and Jesuits, impose their government officials on the governments in Ukraine, again divide our society into hostile strata: on schlyakhta, Cossacks, boys, and this order is not necessary for us, this is the Polish order! We're not happy about it. And when you, hetman, stick to this royal, Polish proposition, we will choose a way against this action.

Somko took out his saber and showed it to Benyovsky, Pavel Teterya and Danylo Vygovsky took out their sabers from the hills and showed them to Somkov.

– And we are sticking to Poland and for this we will find the same connection!  
– shouted Pavel Teterya.

And the foreman was again buzzing, noise, noise, noise and competition.

- No more to you, no! Let's walk and drink a cup of vodka and cup honey, although you did not accept the offer of the Polish envoy with honey," the hetman said, and the foreman gradually calmed down and calmed down.

" I will now gather advice from the very supporters of Poland, and then we will finally set the condition for the unification of Ukraine with Poland," Hetman Vygowiecki whispered in Benyowski's ear, walking behind the foreman from the world.

– I rely on you, the noble, like a stone mountain. If you want, you will do everything and you will be able to do everything with your talent and great mind," Benyovsky whispered in the hetman's ear. "But you know what, yasnovel can?"

"What?" Vygovsky asked quietly.

– First of all, Chyhyryn also became a warrior from hired foreigners: from Germans and Volokhs or from noblemen, and then he began to unite Ukraine with Poland. Don't put much hope on your Cossacks," Benyovsky whispered.

"I have already sharpened the Tatar military, I have sharpened Karach-bey with his horde," Vygovsky said to Benyovsky. - I'm still thinking of fulfilling my opinion, no matter how homonymous the foreman is. Colonel Bohun, the Kyiv clergy and the Metropolitan are our side, because all of them did not swear allegiance to Moscow and the fate.

For a week, her relatives and acquaintances visited the hetmansha of Vygovska, and only in the second week they began to gather on the road. Hetmansha did not let them go home, asked them to stay for another week until she recovered at the new place in Chyhyryn and got comfortable with new people for her. However, the guests did not agree to stay longer. Yakilina Pavlovska hurried to her lord, to her farm; Pavlina Rudnytska was a little afraid of her Calvinist Christopher Stetkevych. The guests began to get on the road. Hetmansha found sadness.

- I'm not used to the new place; I will languish as you leave me. Besides Kateryna Vyhovska, I don't have a close friend and adviser, besides her, I have no one to talk to and entertain myself with. Hetman is all at work, everything has some kind of work with the envoys and with the Cossacks. I'll get bored in Chigirin until I get used to it... You know what, darling? Leave your Marinka with us," the hetman said at a farewell to her mother, Yakilina. "Let her stay with me for a while." My brother Marusya Stetkevychева is now staying in Chyhyryn with her daughter Christina, my uncle Prince Solomyretsky is staying with her daughter, and Marintsi will have fun with Christina and Prince Zinaida. Let Marinka stay with me until what time.

- About me, and let Marynka agree to it. Encourage her, Olesya, maybe she will stay with you. Maybe it's still here and there's a prudish-Cossack," said Yakilina's mother and laughed.

- Maybe it's like someone who's going to happen. I am not very supportive of the military people, to the Cossacks, but I went for the Cossack, because my heart pulled me," Olesya called out. "What, Marinko! I want to put you in

myself for how long. Will you stay, or will you go with your mother to Kyiv? The hetmansha asked, calling to Marinka.

- Oh, thank you, Olesya Zo stay. "I'll have fun here with Christina and Zinaida," Marinka called out cheerfully, and her dark eyes played.

Besides Christina and Zinaida, young Marinka was attracted to Chyhyryn by another person: Zinko Lyutai with her white curls, with cheerful blue eyes, with a cheerful conversation, jokes and dreams. Lutai had a wonderful ringing voice, and he loved to sleep like a slept seldom.

Guests left the yard. In the spacious chambers it became empty and somehow dead. Hetmansha took pity as she turned around and crossed the threshold of the spacious world. But three young ladies really did not let the hetmans grieve: jokes and laughter were in the world. Christina whispered, fooled and caught her friends, laughing at them. She dispersed the hetman's sorrow, and cheered her on.

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