

## CHAPTER LI.

ON the following day the commissioners had long consultations among themselves, whether to deliver the gifts of the king to Hmelnitski immediately or to wait till he should show greater obedience and a certain compunction. They decided to win him by kindness and the favor of the king. The delivery of the gifts was decided upon therefore, and on the following day that solemn act was accomplished. From early morning bells were tolled and cannon fired. Hmelnitski waited for them before his residence, in the midst of his colonels, all the officers, and countless throngs of Cossacks and people; for he wished that all should see with what honor the king surrounded him. He took his seat upon a raised place under the standard and bunchuk, wearing a mantle of purple brocade lined with sable, having at his side ambassadors from neighboring peoples. With his hand on his side, and feet resting on a velvet cushion trimmed with gold, he waited for the commissioners.

In the throng of the assembled mob from moment to moment there escaped murmurs of gladness and flattery at the sight of that leader in whom this throng, valuing power above all things, saw the embodiment of that power. For only thus the imagination of the people could represent to itself its unconquerable champion,—the crusher of hetmans, dukes, nobles, and Poles in general, who up to his time had been clothed with the charm of invincibility. During that year of battle Hmelnitski had grown old somewhat, but had not bent; his gigantic shoulders always indicated power sufficient to overcome kingdoms or to found new ones; his enormous face, red from the abuse of drink, expressed unbending will, unrestrained pride, and an insolent confidence which gave him victories. Storm and anger were slumbering in the wrinkles of that face, and you could easily know that when they were roused men bent before their terrible breath like woods before a tempest. From his eyes, surrounded by a red border, impatience was shooting that the commissioners did not come quickly enough with the presents, and from his nostrils issued two rows of steam, like two pillars of smoke from the nostrils of Lucifer; and

in that mist from his own lungs he sat, purple, gloomy, and proud, flanked by envoys, in the midst of his colonels, having around them a sea of the unclean mob.

At last the commissioners' party appeared. In front marched drummers beating their drums, and trumpeters with trumpets at their mouths and swollen cheeks, beating and blowing from the brass long sad sounds, as if at the funeral of the dignity and glory of the Commonwealth. After this orchestra Kjetovski bore the baton on a satin cushion; Kulchinski, treasurer of Kieff, a crimson banner with an eagle and an inscription; and next walked Kisel alone, tall, slender, with a white beard flowing over his breast, with pain on his aristocratic face and unfathomable suffering in his soul. A few steps behind the voevoda the rest of the commissioners dropped in, and the rear was brought up by Bryshovski's dragoons, under command of Pan Yan.

Kisel walked slowly; for at that moment he saw clearly that behind the torn tatters of negotiations, from under the pretext of offering the favor and forgiveness of the king, another naked, disgusting truth peered forth, which even the blind could see and the deaf could hear, for it shouted: "Thou, Kisel, art going not to offer favor; thou art going to beg for it, thou art going to buy it with that baton and banner; and thou goest on foot to the feet of that peasant leader, in the name of the whole Commonwealth,—thou a senator, a voevoda!" For this reason the soul was rent in the lord of Brusiloff, and he felt as mean as a worm, as lowly as dust; and in his ears the words of Yeremi were roaring: "Better for us not to live, than to live in captivity under peasants and trash." And what was he, Kisel, in comparison with that prince of Lubni, who never showed himself to rebellion, except like Jupiter with frowning brow, in the smell of sulphur, the flame of war, and the smoke of powder,—what was he? Under the weight of these thoughts the heart of the voevoda was breaking, the smile had left his face, and joy his heart forever, and he felt that he would rather a hundred times die than take another step; but he went on, for his whole past pushed him forward,—all his labors, all his efforts, all the inexorable logic of his previous acts.

Hmelnitski waited for him with hand on his side, with pouting lips and frowning brow.

The party approached at last. Kisel, moving to the



front, made a few steps in advance toward the elevation. The drummers stopped drumming, the trumpeters blowing, and deep silence followed in the multitude. Only the frosty wind waved the crimson banner borne by Pan Kulchinski.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a certain curt, emphatic, and commanding voice, which sounded with the unspeakable power of desperation resembling nothing and no man: "Dragoons to the rear! follow me!" That was the voice of Pan Yan.

All heads were turned toward him. Hmelnitski himself rose somewhat in his seat to see what was taking place. The blood of the commissioners rushed to their faces. Skshetuski stood in his stirrups; erect, pale, with flashing eyes, naked sabre in his hand, half turned to the dragoons, he repeated again the thundering command: "Follow me!"

Amidst the silence the hoofs of the horses clattered along the smooth surface of the street. The disciplined dragoons turned their horses on the spot; the colonel placed himself at their head, gave the sign with his sword; the whole party moved slowly back to the residence of the commissioners.

Astonishment and uncertainty were depicted on all faces, not excepting that of Hmelnitski; for in the voice and motions of the colonel there was something unusual. Still no one knew clearly whether that sudden disappearance of the escort did not belong to the ceremonial of the occasion.

Kisel alone understood that the treaty and the lives of the commissioners together with the escort hung on a thread at that moment; therefore he stood on the elevation, and before Hmelnitski had time to take in what had happened, began to speak. First he offered the favor of the king to Hmelnitski and the whole Zaporojie. But suddenly his speech was interrupted by a new occurrence, which had only this good side, that it turned attention entirely from the previous one. Daidyalo, an old colonel, standing near Hmelnitski, began to shake his baton before the voevoda, to gesticulate and cry, —

"What do you say there, Kisel? The king is king, but you kinglets, princes, nobles, have involved everything. And you, Kisel, bone of our bone, you have gone away from us, and stand with the Poles. We have enough of your talk, for we will get what we want with the sabre."

The voevoda looked with offended feeling into the eyes of Hmelnitski. "Is this the discipline in which you keep your colonels?"

"Be silent, Daidyalo!" cried the hetman.

"Be silent, be silent! You are drunk, though it is early," repeated the other colonels. "Go away, or we will pull you out by the head!"

Daidyalo wanted to clamor more, but they took him by the shoulders and put him outside the circle.

The voevoda continued with smooth and chosen words, showing Hmelnitski how great were the gifts which he was receiving; for he had the sign of lawful power, which hitherto he had exercised only as a usurper. The king, being able to chastise, had preferred to forgive him, which he did on account of the obedience which he had shown at Zamost, and because his previous acts were committed not during his reign. It was proper therefore that he, Hmelnitski, having offended so much before, should prove thankful now for favor and clemency, — should stop the shedding of blood, pacify the peasants, and proceed to a treaty with the commissioners.

Hmelnitski received the baton in silence, and the banner, which he ordered to be unfurled above his head. The mob, at sight of this, began to howl with joyous voices, so that for a time nothing could be heard. Certain satisfaction was reflected on the face of the hetman, who, after he had waited awhile, said, —

"For such great favor shown me by his Majesty the King through you in sending me command over the forces, and overlooking my previous acts, I give humble thanks. I have always said that the king was with me against you faithless dukes and kinglets; and the best proof is that he sends me satisfaction because I have cut your necks, and will further cut them if you will not obey me and the king in everything."

Hmelnitski spoke the last words in a loud voice, in a railing tone, and wrinkled his brows as if anger had begun to rise in him. The commissioners grew rigid at such an unexpected turn in his answer; but Kisel said, —

"The king, mighty hetman, commands you to stop the shedding of blood, and to begin a treaty with us."

"Blood is not shed by me, but by the Lithuanian forces," answered the hetman, harshly; "for I have intelligence that Radzivil has destroyed my Mozir and Turoff. Should this prove true, then I have enough of your prisoners, — distinguished prisoners, — and I will have their heads cut off at once. I will not proceed to a treaty now. It is difficult



to begin at present, for the army is not assembled; there is only a handful of colonels here, the rest being in winter quarters. I cannot begin without them. Besides, what's the use of talking long in the frost? What you had to give me you have given, and all men now see that I am hetman from the hand of the king; and now come to me for a glass of gorailka and dinner, for I am hungry."

Having said this, Hmelnitski moved toward his residence, and after him the commissioners and colonels. In the great central room stood a table ready, bending under plundered silver, among which the voevoda, Kisel, might have found some of his own, taken the past year in Gushchi. On the table were piled up mountains of pork, beef, and Tartar pilav; throughout the whole room was an odor of millet vudka, served in silver goblets. Hmelnitski took his place, with Kisel at his right and Bjozovski at his left, and with his hand to the gorailka, said, —

"They say in Warsaw that I drink Polish blood, but I prefer gorailka, leaving the other to the dogs."

The colonels burst into laughter, from which the walls of the room trembled. Such an "appetizer" did the hetman give the commissioners before their dinner; and the commissioners gulped it without a word, in order, as the chamberlain of Lvoff wrote, "not to anger the beast." But perspiration in heavy drops covered the pale forehead of Kisel.

The entertainment commenced. The colonels took pieces of meat from the platters with their hands, the hetman himself placed pieces on the plates of Kisel and Bjozovski; and the first of the dinner passed in silence, for every one was satisfying his hunger. In the silence could be heard only the crunching of bones under the teeth of the company or the gurgling of the drinkers. At times some one threw out a word which remained without echo till Hmelnitski, who had first satisfied himself somewhat, and emptied a number of glasses of millet vudka, turned suddenly to the voevoda, and asked, —

"Who was the leader of your company?"

Disquiet was reflected on Kisel's face. "Skshetuski, an honorable knight."

"I know him," said Hmelnitski; "and why did he not wish to be present when you delivered the gifts to me?"

"He was not associated with us for assistance, but for safety, and he had an order to that effect."

"And who gave him that order?"

"I," answered the voevoda; "for I did not think that it was proper, at the delivery of the gifts, that dragoons should be standing over the necks of you and me."

"I had another opinion, for I know that soldier is stubborn."

Here Yashevski mixed in the conversation. "We don't care for the dragoons," said he. "We used to think Poles powerful through them; but we discovered at Pilavtsi that they are not the Poles of other days, who beat the Turks, Tartars, and Germans."

"Not Zamoiskis, Jolkyevskis, Khodkyevichi, Hmelyetskis, and Konyetpolskis," interrupted Hmelnitski, "but Chorzovskis and Zaiontchkovskis, — big fellows, wrapped in iron; and they were dying of terror as soon as they saw us, and ran off, though there were only three thousand Tartars in the place."

The commissioners were silent, but the eating and drinking seemed to them more and more bitter each moment.

"I beg you humbly to drink and eat," said Hmelnitski, "or I shall think that our simple Cossack fare cannot pass your lordly throats."

"Oh, if they are too narrow we can slit them open a little," said Daidyalo.

The Cossacks, feeling encouraged, burst into laughter; but Hmelnitski looked threateningly at them, and they grew silent again.

Kisel, who had been ill several days, was pale as a sheet. Bjozovski was so red that it seemed as though the blood would burst through his face. At last he could restrain himself no longer, and shouted, —

"Have we come here to dine or to be insulted?"

To this Hmelnitski answered: "You have come for a treaty; but meanwhile the Lithuanian forces are burning and slaughtering. I hear they have destroyed Mozir and Turoff; should this prove true, I shall order four hundred captives to be beheaded in your presence."

Bjozovski restrained his blood, boiling the moment before. It was true! The lives of the captives depended on the humor of the hetman, — on one twinkle of his eye; therefore it was necessary to endure everything, and besides to calm his outbursts, to bring him "*ad mitiorem et saniozem mentem*."

In this spirit the Carmelite Lentovski, by nature mild and timid, said in a quiet voice, —

"May the God of mercy grant that the news from Lithuania about Mozir and Turoff may be changed!"



But scarcely had he finished when Fedor Veshnyak, the colonel of Cherkasi, bent toward him and struck with his baton, wishing to hit the Carmelite on the neck. Fortunately he did not reach him, since there were four men between them; but immediately he cried out, —

"Wordy priest! it is not your affair to give the lie to me. But come outdoors, and I will show you how to respect Zaporojian colonels!"

Others, however, hurried to quiet him; but not succeeding, they put him out of the room.

"When, mighty hetman, do you wish that the commissioners should meet?" asked Kisel, wishing to give another turn to the conversation.

Unfortunately Hmelnitski was no longer sober, therefore he gave a quick and biting answer, —

"To-morrow will be business and discussion, for now I am in drink. Why do you talk now of commissions; you do not give me time to eat and drink. I have enough of this already! Now there must be war!" And he thumped the table till the dishes and cups jumped. "In those four weeks I'll turn you all feet upward and trample you, and sell the remnant to the Turkish Tsar. The king will be king, so as to execute nobles, dukes, princes. If a prince offends, cut off his head; if a Cossack offends, cut off his head! You threaten me with the Swedes, but they cannot stand before me. Tugai Bey is near me, my brother, my soul; the only falcon in the world, he is ready at once to do everything that I wish."

Here Hmelnitski, with the rapidity peculiar to drunken men, passed from anger to tenderness, till his voice trembled from emotion.

"You wish me to raise my sabre against the Turks and Tartars, but in vain. I'll go against you with my good friends. I have sent my regiments around so as to pro-vender the horses and to be ready for the road, without wagons, without cannon. I shall find all those among the Poles. I will order any Cossack to be beheaded who takes a wagon, and I will take no carriage myself, nothing but packs and bags; in this fashion I will go to the Vistula and say: 'Poles, sit still and be quiet!' And if you say anything beyond the Vistula, then I'll find you there. We have had enough of your lordship and your dragoons, you cursed reptiles living by injustice itself!"

Here he sprang from his seat, pulled his hair, stamped

with his feet, crying that there must be war, for he had already received absolution and a blessing for it; he had nothing to do with commissions and commissioners, he would not allow a suspension of arms.

Seeing at length the terror of the commissioners, and recollecting that if they went away at once, war would begin in the winter, consequently at a time when the Cossacks, not being able to entrench themselves, fought badly in the open field, he calmed down a little and again sat on the bench, dropped his head on his breast, rested his hands on his knees, and breathed hoarsely. Finally he took a glass of vudka.

"To the health of the king!" cried he.

"To his glory and health!" repeated the colonels.

"Now, Kisel, don't be gloomy," said the hetman, "and don't take to heart what I say, for I've been drinking. Fortune-tellers inform me that there must be war, but I'll wait till next grass. Let there be a commission then; I will free the captives at that time. They tell me that you are ill, so let this be to your health!"

Again Hmelnitski dropped into momentary tenderness, and resting his hand on the shoulder of the voevoda brought his enormous red face to the pale, emaciated cheeks of Kisel.

After him came other colonels, and approaching the commissioners with familiarity shook their hands, clapped them on the shoulders, repeated after the hetman: "Till next grass." The commissioners were in torment. The peasant breaths, filled with the odor of gorailka, came upon the faces of those nobles of high birth, for whom the pressure of those sweating hands was as unendurable as an affront. Threatenings also were not lacking among the expressions of vulgar cordiality. Some cried to the voevoda: "We want to kill Poles, but you are our man!" Others said: "Well, in times past, you killed our people, now you ask favors! Destruction to you!" "You white hands!" cried Ataman Vovk, formerly miller in Nestervar. "I slew my landlord, Prince Chertvertinski." "Give us Yeremi," said Yashevski, rolling along, "and we will let you off!"

It became stifling in the room and hot beyond endurance. The table covered with remnants of meat, fragments of bread, stained with vudka and mead, was disgusting. At last the fortune-tellers came in, — conjurers with whom the hetman usually drank till late at night, listening to their predictions, — strange forms, old, bent, yellow, or in the



vigor of youth, soothsaying from wax, grains of wheat, fire, water, foam, from the bottom of a flask or from human fat. Among the colonels and the youngest of them there was frolicking and laughing. Kisel came near fainting.

"We thank you, Hetman, for the feast, and we bid you good-by," said he, with a weak voice.

"Kisel, I will come to you to-morrow to dine," answered Hmelnitski, "and now return home. Donyéts with his men will attend you, so that nothing may happen to you from the crowd."

The commissioners bowed and went out. Donyéts with the Cossacks was waiting at the door.

"O God! O God! O God!" whispered Kisel, quietly, raising his hands to his face.

The party moved in silence to the quarters of the commissioners. But it appeared that they were not to stop near one another. Hmelnitski had assigned them purposely quarters in different parts of the town, so that they could not meet and counsel easily.

Kisel, suffering, exhausted, barely able to stand, went to bed immediately, and permitted no one to see him till the following day; then before noon he ordered Pan Yan to be called.

"Have you acted wisely?" asked he. "What have you done? You might have exposed our lives and your own to destruction."

"Serene voevoda, mea culpa! but delirium carried me away, and I preferred to perish a hundred times rather than behold such things."

"Hmelnitski saw the slight put on him, and I was barely able to pacify the wild beast and explain your act. He will be with me to-day, and will undoubtedly ask for you. Then tell him that you had an order from me to lead away the soldiers."

"From to-day forth Bjozovski takes the command, for he is well."

"That is better; you are too stubborn for these times. It is difficult to blame you for anything in this act except lack of caution; but it is evident that you are young and cannot bear the pain that is in your breast."

"I am accustomed to pain, serene voevoda, but I cannot endure disgrace."

Kisel groaned quietly, just like an invalid when touched on the sore spot. Then he smiled with a gloomy resignation, and said,—

"Such words are daily bread for me, which for a long time I eat moistened with bitter tears; but now the tears have failed me."

Pity rose in Skshetuski's heart at the sight of this old man with his martyr's face, who was passing the last days of his life in double suffering, for it was a suffering both of the mind and the body.

"Serene voevoda," said he, "God is my witness that I was thinking only of these fearful times when senators and dignitaries of the Crown are obliged to bow down before the rabble, for whom the empaling stake should be the only return for their deeds."

"God bless you, for you are young and honest. I know that you have no evil intention. But that which you say your prince says, and with him the army, the nobles, the Diets, half the Commonwealth; and all that burden of scorn and hatred falls upon me."

"Each serves the country as he understands, and let God judge intentions. As to Prince Yeremi, he serves the country with his health and his property."

"Applause surrounds him, and he walks in it as in the sunlight," answered the voevoda. "And what comes to me? Oh, you have spoken justly! Let God judge intentions, and may he give even a quiet grave to those who in life suffer beyond measure."

Skshetuski was silent, and Kisel raised his eyes in mute prayer. After a while he began to speak,—

"I am a Russian, blood and bone. The tomb of the Princes Sviatoldovichi lies in this land; therefore I have loved it and that people of God whom it nourishes at its breast. I have witnessed injuries committed by both sides; I have seen the license of the wild Zaporojians, but also the unendurable insolence of those who tried to enslave that warlike people. What was I to do,—I, a Russian, and at the same time a true son and senator of this Commonwealth? I joined myself to those who said 'Pax vobiscum!' because my blood and my heart so enjoined; and among the men whom I joined were our father, the late king, the chancellor, the primate, and many others. I saw that for both sides dissension was destruction; I desired all my life to my last breath to labor for concord; and when blood was already shed I thought to myself, 'I will be an angel of union.' I continued to labor, and I labor still, though in pain, torment, and disgrace, and in doubt almost more terrible than all.



As God is dear to me, I know not now whether your prince came too early with his sword or I too late with the olive branch; but this I see, that my work is breaking, that strength is wanting, that in vain I knock my gray head against the wall, and going down to the grave I see only darkness before me, and destruction, — O God! destruction on every side."

"God will send salvation."

"May he send a ray of it before my death, that I die not in despair! — this in return for all my sufferings. I will thank him for the cross which I carry during life, — thank him because the mob cry for my head, because they call me a traitor at the Diets, because my property is plundered, and for the disgrace in which I live, — for all the bitter reward which I have received from both sides."

When he had finished speaking, the voevoda extended his dry hands toward heaven; and two great tears, perhaps the very last in his life, flowed out of his eyes.

Pan Yan could restrain himself no longer, but falling on his knees before the voevoda, seized his hand, and said in a voice broken by great emotion, —

"I am a soldier, and move on another path; but I give honor to merit and suffering." And the noble and knight from the regiment of Yeremi pressed to his lips the hand of that Russian who some months before he with others had called a traitor.

Kisel placed both hands on Skshetuski's head. "My son," said he in a low voice, "may God comfort, guide, and bless you, as I bless you."

The vicious circle of negotiations began from that very day. Hmelnitski came rather late to the voevoda's dinner, and in the worst temper. He declared immediately that what he had said yesterday about suspension of arms, a commission at Whitsuntide, and the liberation of prisoners he said while drunk, and that he now saw an intention to deceive him. Kisel calmed him again, pacified him, gave reasons; but these speeches were, according to the words of the chamberlain of Lvoff, "*surdo tyranno fabula dicta*." The hetman began then with such rudeness that the commissioners were sorry not to have the Hmelnitski of yesterday. He struck Pan Pozovski with his baton, only because he had appeared before him out of season, in spite of the fact that Pozovski was nearly dead already from serious illness.

Neither courtesy and good-will nor the persuasions of the

voevoda were of use. When he had become somewhat excited by gorailka and the choice mead of Gushechi, he fell into better humor, but then he would not on any account let himself speak of public affairs, saying, "If we are to drink, let us drink, — to-morrow business and discussion, — if not, I'll be off with myself." About three o'clock in the morning he insisted on going to the sleeping-room of the voevoda, which the latter opposed under various pretexts; for he had shut in Skshetuski there on purpose, fearing that at the meeting of this stubborn soldier with Hmelnitski something disagreeable might happen which would be the destruction of the colonel. But Hmelnitski insisted and went, followed by Kisel. What was the astonishment of the voevoda when the hetman, seeing the knight, nodded to him, and cried, —

"Skshetuski, why were you not drinking with us?" And he stretched out his hand to him in a friendly manner.

"Because I am sick," replied the colonel, bowing.

"You went away yesterday. The pleasure was nothing to me without you."

"Such was the order he had," put in Kisel.

"Don't tell me that, Voevoda. I know him, and I know that he did not want to see you giving me honor. Oh, he is a bird! But what would not be forgiven another is forgiven him, for I like him, and he is my dear friend."

Kisel opened wide his eyes in astonishment. The hetman turned to Pan Yan. "Do you know why I like you?"

Skshetuski shook his head.

"You think it is because you *cut* the lariat at Omelnik when I was a man of small note and they hunted me like a wild beast. No, it is not that. I gave you a ring then with dust from the grave of Christ. Horned soul! you did not show me that ring when you were in my hands; but I set you at liberty anyhow, and we were even. That's not why I like you now. You rendered me another service, for which you are my dear friend, and for which I owe you thanks."

Pan Yan looked with astonishment at Hmelnitski.

"See how he wonders!" said the hetman, as if speaking to some fourth person. "Well, I will bring to your mind what they told me in Chigirin when I came there from Bazaluk with Tugai Bey. I inquired everywhere for my



enemy, Chaplinski, whom I did not find; but they told me what you did to him after our first meeting, — that you grabbed him by the hair and trousers, beat the door open with him, drew blood from him as from a dog."

"I did in fact do that," said Skshetuski.

"You did splendidly, you acted well. But I'll reach him yet, or treaties and commissions are in vain, — I'll reach him yet, and play with him in my own fashion; but you gave him pepper."

The hetman now turned to Kisel, and began to tell how it was: "He caught him by the hair and trousers, lifted him like a fox, opened the door with him, and hurled him into the street." Here he laughed till the echo resounded in the side-room and reached the drawing-room. "Voevoda, give orders to bring mead, for I must drink to the health of this knight, my friend."

Kisel opened the door, and called to the attendant, who immediately brought three goblets of the mead of Gushchi.

Hmelnitski touched goblets with the voevoda and Pan Yan, and drank so that his head was warmed, his face smiled, great pleasure entered his heart, and turning to the colonel he said: "Ask of me what you like."

A flush came on the pale face of Skshetuski; a moment of silence followed.

"Don't fear!" said Hmelnitski; "a word is not smoke. Ask for what you like, provided you ask for nothing belonging to Kisel."

The hetman even drunk was always himself.

"If I may use the affection which you have for me, then I ask justice from you. One of your colonels has done me an injury."

"Off with his head!" said Hmelnitski, with an outburst.

"It is not a question of that; only order him to fight a duel with me."

"Off with his head!" cried the hetman. "Who is he?"

"Bogun."

Hmelnitski began to blink; then he struck his forehead with his palm. "Bogun? Bogun is killed. The king wrote me that he was slain in a duel."

Pan Yan was astonished. Zagloba had told the truth.

"What did Bogun do to you?" asked Hmelnitski.

A still deeper flush came on the colonel's face. He feared to mention the princess before the half-drunk hetman, lest he might hear some unpardonable word.

Kisel rescued him. "It is an important affair," said he, "of which Bjozovski the castellan has told me. Bogun carried off the betrothed of this cavalier and secreted her, it is unknown where."

"But have you looked for her?" asked Hmelnitski.

"I have looked for her on the Dniester, for he secreted her there, but did not find her. I heard, however, that he intended to take her to Kieff, where he wished to come himself to marry her. Give me, O Hetman, the right to go to Kieff and search for her there. I ask for nothing more."

"You are my friend; you battered Chaplinski. I'll give you not only the right to go and seek her wherever you like, but I will issue an order that whoever has her in keeping shall deliver her to you; and I'll give you a baton as a pass, and a letter to the metropolitan to look for her among the nuns. My word is not smoke!"

He opened the door and called to Vygovski to come and write an order and a letter. Chernota was obliged, though it was after three o'clock, to go for the seal. Daidyalo brought the baton, and Donyéts received the order to conduct Skshetuski with two hundred horse to Kieff, and farther to the first Polish outposts.

Next day Skshetuski left Pereyaslav.