

*September 16, 1921.*—Up promptly, and a beautiful morning, promising a fine day for our journey to Bruges. We got ready and were just going down to the motor when a telegram came from Aix-la-Chapelle to say that Herrick would arrive with his party from Coblenz at noon, and would come directly to the Embassy. And so the long discussed trip to Bruges had to be abandoned!

I had a long, pleasant talk with Herrick. He is looking old and broken, poor fellow, and told me that he had no desire to return to Paris, that he had no longer any ambitions, but that the President and Hughes had insisted. (He said, incidentally, that he had declined London, which the President offered him, because he felt that the French would have resented it had he returned to diplomacy, and gone anywhere but to France.) He was much af-

fectured, evidently, by his wife's death—Paris, he had said, and the Embassy there, had killed her—and dreaded going back, though now that he was there, he was rather enjoying it. He was most friendly, has a sort of affectionate way, and has his old natural charm; he had many nice things to say of me and my work; hoped that I was to remain here; had said to the President, "I want you to keep my old friend Whitlock at Brussels."

I took advantage of his being here to speak to him of Jaspar's desire to do something about having Belgium invited to Washington, and he of course, was ready to do anything. I was glad to have the opportunity of speaking to him about it, for speaking is so much better than writing. "Don't write; send word," as Boss John Kelly said. The question has been bothering me all the week; and only this morning, Jaspar having returned, he sent word to know if I had done anything. So Herrick's coming was rather lucky, even if it did spoil our trip to Bruges—for which town, by the way, he and his party left at five, to spend the night there.

The Irish negotiations have reached a deadlock. De Valera sent a reply saying that he accepted the invitation for the proposed conference at Inverness on the 20th, but reiterated his old demand that the representatives of the Dail be received as the representatives of a free, independent, sovereign, state. His letter was filled with his usual specious arguments and impossible theories. Lloyd George returned at once the only answer that the head of a government could make, namely, that he could not recognize such a state as existing. And so the matter ends.

It seems, indeed, impossible to settle anything with the Irish mind. The Sinn Feiners have refused the most generous offer any earthly government ever made, or ever could make, to revolting subjects, an offer which assures to Ireland as great freedom as any nation in the world possesses. Ireland has had many betrayers, but never such one as this unspeakably bigoted, pedantic, narrow, mentally blind De Valera.