

Office of **All the Year Round**,  
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N<sup>o</sup> 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Thursday Twenty Third Day 1868  
Dear Morley

Since I saw you to day, I have put together the last N<sup>o</sup> I could get - on the whole - and I hope you will find that it will fall into place easily. I have been almost demented by the continual & confused changes of mood, time, and person, with which the writer deals; and have held the Grand Room over for that infernal reason.

Dixon, in endeavouring to dole about Michael's dolefulness, has made such an utterly incomprehensible joke of the mountain, that I can't use it.

Ever truly  
yours

CD  
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To Henry  
Morley  
Dickens

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