Mrs. Woodhull, the American Apostle of Free Love, is all the go in London to-day. Her lectures are the sensation of the hour. Everybody goes to hear her, even girls with their mothers, and if you happen to go into dinner with prudish old maid, a beautiful girl, or the mother of a dozen children, it is ten chances to one if you are not challenged to a discussion upon Mrs. Woodhull’s theory of marriage, or of matrimony without marriage. I suppose the thing will die out in a few days, and we shall all grow ashamed of ourselves and of Mrs. Woodhull; but at the present I should far prefer to discuss one of Dumas novels or Madame Schneider’s acting to talking about Mrs. Woodhull and her lectures. Yet unless you are to be out of the run of conversation you must prime yourself for the encounter, and I am thinking of reading Mrs. Besant and Mr. Bradlaugh’s publications in order to qualify myself for Mrs. Woodhull, although I believe Mrs. Besant and Mr. Bradlaugh have not yet learned half that Mrs. Woodhull has forgotten.