

Action of Caustic Soda on Alcohol.

At a recent meeting of the Chemical Society, Mr. Chapman announced the fact that caustic soda is not merely unable to dry alcohol, but that it actually hydrates it. Investigation proved the sodium to have taken the place of the hydrogen of the alcohol, whilst the displaced hydrogen takes the place of the sodium in the caustic soda, thus producing water.

The Canadian Literary Institute report a want of full success in teaching chemistry from the difficulty of obtaining a suitable text book. If any of our readers think they can eclipse Fownes, Roscoe, Odling, Williamson, or Brande and Taylor, an excellent opportunity for authorship is presented, which, if successfully prosecuted, might relieve the authorities of the Institute from what must really be a painful and perplexing dilemma.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

ARCHIVES OF OPHTHALMOLOGY AND OTOTOLOGY; Edited and printed, simultaneously, in English and German. By Prof. H. Knapp, M.D., in New York, and Prof. S. Moos, M.D., in Heidelberg. Vol. 1, No. 1. New York, Wm. Wood & Co.

This journal is especially devoted to subjects relating either to the pure anatomy and physiology, or to the pathology and therapeutics of the organs of sight and hearing; and from the number before us we think that the departments of ophthalmic and aural surgery have good reason to be proud of the publication. The high standing of the editors is in itself a sufficient guarantee of the character of the work, and amongst the contributions we notice the names of many of the most eminent ophthalmologists and otologists of the old and new worlds. The present number comprises about 360 pages, and is illustrated by numerous woodcuts and lithographs, together with several very fine colored plates. It is proposed to publish the "Archives" half yearly, in spring and autumn; each number to contain from 250 to 300 pages, and two numbers to form a volume. The subscription price is \$7 American currency, per annum, which may be sent to the publishers, Wm. Wood & Co, New York.

THE ARTS: Chicago, April. Vol. 1, No. 2.

This is the title of a new monthly, devoted to science and the industrial arts. It is conducted by Mr. Joseph M. Hirsh, a gentleman whose name is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. The journal contains much that is interesting to druggists, and cannot fail to prove acceptable to the general reader. The subscription price is \$1 per annum.

CANADIAN PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the Society was held in the Lecture Room of the Mechanics' Institute, on Friday evening, the 6th inst. In the absence of the President, the chair was taken by Mr. Dunsbaugh.

After routine business had been disposed of, the following new members were elected:

PRINCIPAL.

D. V. Bogart, M.D., Trenton.

ASSISTANTS.

C. A. Van Felson, Chatsworth.

Alfred White, Trenton.

The librarian acknowledged the receipt, from R. W. Elliott, Esq., of four volumes of Thomson's Chemistry, as a donation to the library.

The Committee on Text Books handed in the following list of books, as best suited to the use of students:

GENERAL CHEMISTRY.

Wilson's Chemistry, edited by Stevenson Macadam, M.D.

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTRY.

Wittstein's Practical Pharmaceutical Chemistry, edited by Darby.

BOTANY.

Gray's Manual of Botany.

MATERIA MEDICA.

Garrod's Essentials of Materia Medica.

PHARMACY.

Parrish's Practical Pharmacy; British Pharmacopoeia, latest edition.

LATIN.

The Pharmaceutical Latin Grammar.

The chairman, called attention to the fact, that the next meeting of the Society, was that on which the nominations of the officers of the Society and the Council were to be made, and hoped that there would be a full attendance on that occasion.

Meeting adjourned.

H. J. ROSE,

Recording Secretary.

An Anglo-American Turkish Bath.

One of the editors of the *Scientific American* has been indulging in this Oriental luxury, and thus amusingly recounts his experience:

Reader you have without doubt, heard something about Turkish baths. You have probably read more or less about them; but did you ever take one? We have. The "gentle spring's ethereal mildness" had given us a cold. The cold brought with it a daily headache. Not one of those attacks which, though severe for a short time, yield to a cup of tea, and a nap on the sofa; but a lurking treacherous ache that came unannounced, always accompanied with a qualm at the stomach, and then left, to return again when least wanted—if it be possible to suppose degrees of desire for that which is utterly undesirable.

"The Turkish bath is the thing for you," said a friend who has tried it extensively, and who—having probably never been sick in his life—has been cured of every thing by this universal remedy. We took his advice, and the ticket with which the advice was accompanied, which in due time secured the bath.

Presenting our ticket at a little ante-room of the building in which the Anglo-American Turkish bath is administered, we were presently shown into a little stall, in which privacy was secured by a thick curtain. This would hardly seem necessary, unless it is to carry out the general principle of graduation, which underlies the administration of a Turkish bath, as the subsequent operations and manipulations constituting the entire process, gradually increase in vigor, until they arrive at a pitch where feelings of delicacy, having decreased in precisely the same ratio, nearly vanish.

We found in our stall a long linen towel, which we were directed to wrap round our loins, when we had completed our disrobing. This towel is an embarrassing affair to a novice, who has not inventive talent to adjust such primitive costume in a permanent manner. Having wrapped it about us as well as we could manage it, we fell to wondering what would be the next step in this new experience. Thrusting our head out at one side of the curtain, we found a swartly Mongolian standing sentinel at the door of our cell. This individual had a pleasant expression of countenance, but his clothing was as meager as our own; though so much more gracefully and securely adjusted, as to make us blush for our own want of taste in matters of dress. We immediately put ourselves under instructions, and succeeded in getting the thing on, in a manner that we fancied would not wholly disgrace a primitive barbarian.

We were then inducted by the man and brother who had us in special charge at this stage of the proceedings, into—Whew!—a room heated to 120° Fahrenheit, where we felt as though we would at once expand and burst open, like a roasted oyster.

With what gratitude we looked upon our Mongolian friend, who at this instant relieved us of all our oppressed feelings by clapping upon our head a large sponge, filled with tepid water, which ran down our beard, and o'er our scanty robe, now sadly in need of readjustment, but not so extensive in its environment as to absorb much time in the operation.

In this room we took a seat, and put our feet in a small tub of hot water, opposite a small boy, young in years, but much older than ourselves in experience of the Anglo-American Turkish bath. This old boy informed me that he "took it offun." We inquired had he rheumatism? "No." Had he gout? "No." Did he take the baths to relieve the system of former mercurial treatment? "No. He took them for pleasure." We looked at his feet. They resembled infant boiled lobsters. We looked at our own; they appeared like large boiled lobsters. Nevertheless, we experienced a sort of pleasure in inspecting them, analogous to that experienced in youth, when reading of martyrs compelled to walk over red hot ploughshares. We came to the conclusion that the sufferings of those martyrs had been mentally exaggerated. We now deemed it quite possible to encounter anything in the way of heat without much pain.

At this instant appeared at the door an-