to the lower side of the ethmoid in the Plantain-eaters and Touracos; but too much dependence must not be placed on that, since a similar structure is presented by the Frigate-bird (vol. ix. p. 786) and the Petrels (vol. xviii. p. 711). A corresponding process seems also to be found in Trogon *(q.v.).* The bill of nearly all the species of *Musophagidæ* is curiously serrated or denticulated along the margin, and the feet have the outer toe reversible. No member of the Family is found outside of the conti­nental portion of the Ethiopian Region. (a. n.)

TOURCOING, a manufacturing town of France in the department of Nord, 7 miles north-east of Lille on the railway to Ghent, is rapidly becoming one with the neigh­bouring town of Roubaix (*q.v.*). Wool, cotton, linen, and silk are spun in more than 65 mills (40,000 spindles); there are upwards of 25 combing establishments (by machine and hand), 50 to 55 manufactories of velvet-pile carpets, furniture stuffs, and all kinds of woven goods, be­sides dye-works, soap-works, a sugar refinery, and machine workshops. The total industrial production of Tourcoing may be set down at about £6,800,000 per annum. Tour­coing possesses a chamber of commerce, a conseil de prud- hommes, a consultative chamber of arts and manufactures, a wool “ conditioning ” bureau, schools of drawing, paint­ing, music, and architecture, and a horticultural society. In 1866 a pyramid was erected to commemorate a battle gained by Jourdan and Moreau in the neighbourhood in 1794. The population, 34,415 in 1881, was 41,570 in 1886 (commune 58,008).

Famed since the 14th century for its woollen manufactures, Tourcoing was fortified by the Flemings when Louis XI. of France disputed the inheritance of Charles the Bold with Mary of Burgundy. The town suffered much from the French in 1477, from the Huguenots in 1556, and by fire in 1607 and 1711. The inhabitants, 18,000 in 1789, were reduced by the French Revolution to 10,000, but a new era of prosperity began in 1832. In 1801 the popula­tion of the commune was 23,493, and in 1871 it was 43,322.

TOURGUENIEFF, Ivan (1818-1883), the descendant of an old Russian family, was born at Orel, in the govern­ment of the same name, in 1818. His father, the colonel of a cavalry regiment, died when our author was sixteen years of age, leaving two sons, Nicholas and Ivan, who were brought up under the care of their mother, the heiress of the Litvinoffs, a lady who owned large estates and many serfs. Ivan studied for a year at the university of Mos­cow, then at St Petersburg, and was finally sent in 1843 to Berlin. His education at home had been conducted by German and French tutors, and was altogether foreign, his mother only speaking Russian to her servants, as became a great lady of the old school. For his first acquaintance with the literature of his country the future novelist was indebted to a serf of the family, who used to read to him verses from the *Rossiad* of Kheraskoff, a once-celebrated poet of last century. Tourguenieff’s early attempts in literature, consisting of poems and trifling sketches, may be passed over here; they were not with­out indications of genius, and were favourably spoken of by Bielinski, then the leading Russian critic, for whom Tourguenieff ever cherished a warm regard. Our author first made a name by his striking sketches “ The Papers of a Sportsman ” *(Zapiski Okhotnika),* in which the miser­able condition of the peasants was described with startling realism. The work appeared in a collected form in 1852. It was read by all classes, including the emperor himself, and it undoubtedly hurried on the great work of eman­cipation. Tourguenieff had always sympathized with the *muzhiks;* he had often been witness of the cruelties of his mother, a narrow-minded and vindictive woman. In some interesting papers recently contributed to the “ European Messenger ” (*Viestnik Europî)* by a lady brought up in the household of Mme Tourguenieff, sad details are given illustrative of her character. Thus the dumb porter of gigantic stature, drawn with such power in *Mumu,* one of our author’s later sketches, was a real person. We are, moreover, told of his mother that she could never understand how it was that her son became an author, and thought that he had degraded himself. How could a Tourguenieff submit himself to be criticized ?

The next production of the novelist was “ A Nest of Nobles” *(Duorianskoe Gniezdo),* a singularly pathetic story, which greatly increased his reputation. This ap­peared in 1859, and was followed the next year by “On the Eve ” *(Nakanune),—*a tale which contains one of his most beautiful female characters, Helen. In 1862 was published “ Fathers and Children ” *(Otzi i Dieti),* in which the author admirably described the nihilistic doctrines then beginning to spread in Russia, he himself inventing the word nihilism, which seems likely to become permanent. In 1867 appeared “Smoke” *(Dim),* and in 1877 his last work of any length, “ Virgin Soil ” *(Nov).* Besides his longer stories, many shorter ones were produced, some of great beauty and full of subtile psychological analysis, such as *Rudin, “* The Diary of a Useless Man” *(Dnevnik Lishnago Chelovieka),* and others. These were afterwards collected into three volumes. The last works of the great novelist were “ Poetry in Prose ” and “ Clara Milich,” which appeared in the pages of the “ European Messenger.”

Tourguenieff, during the latter part of his life, did not reside much in Russia; he lived either at Baden Baden or Paris, and chiefly with the family of the celebrated singer Viardot Garcia, to the members of which he was much attached. He occasionally visited England, and in 1879 the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the university of Oxford. He died at Bougival, near Paris, on September 4, 1883 ; according to his wish, his remains were taken to St Petersburg, and buried in the Volkoff cemetery, near those of the critic Bielinski.

Unquestionably Tourguenieff may be considered one of the greatest novelists of our own or any other times, and worthy to be ranked with Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot: with the genius of the last of these he has many affinities. His studies of human nature are profound, and he has the wide sympathies which are essential to genius of the highest order. A melancholy, almost pessimist, feeling pervades his writings, but perhaps this is always found in those who have truly listened to the “still, sad music of humanity.” This morbid self-analysis seems natural to the Slavonic mind, and Tourguenieff has given abundant proof of possessing it. The closing chapter of “A Nest of Nobles” is one of the saddest and at the same time truest pages in the whole range of existing novels.

The writings of Tourguenieff have been made familiar to persons unacquainted with Russian by French translations. There are some versions in English, but the only two worthy of notice are the translation of the “ Nest of Nobles ” under the name of “ Lisa,” by Mr Ralston, and “Virgin Soil,” by the late Mr Ashton Dilke.

TOURMALINE. See Electricity, vol. viii. p. 99; Geo­logy, vol. x. p. 228; and Mineralogy, vol, xvi. p. 409.

TOURNAI (Flem. *Doornik),* a town of Belgium, capital of an arrondissement in the province of Hainault, 53 miles by rail west-south-west from Brussels, is divided into two parts by the Scheldt, which is here spanned by seven bridges and lined with spacious tree-shaded quays. The older, which is also the busier and more important portion of the town, stands on the left bank; the new town is distinguished by its neat regular streets and modern architecture. The cathedral, which is a fine example of the Romanesque style, is a cruciform basilica, with a series of chapels and five towers. The nave was probably consecrated in 1171; the transepts date from the 13th century; and the (Gothic) choir was completed in 1338, at which time also the Romanesque façade was altered, and a porch in the Pointed style added. The sculptures in the porch range in date from the 13th to the