Another species, *A. muricala,* is the sour-sop, a small ever­green tree bearing a larger dark-green fruit, 6 to 8 in. long and 1 to 5 lb in weight, oblong or bluntly conical in shape, with a rough spiny skin and containing a soft white juicy sub­acid pulp with a flavour of turpentine. It is a popular fruit in the West Indies, where it is native, and is grown with special excellence in Porto Rico. A drink is made from the juice. *A. reticulata* is the custard apple (*q.v.)* and *A. palustris* the alligator apple.

**SWELLENDAM,** a town of South Africa, Cape province, in the valley of the Breede River, 192 m. by rail E. by S. of Cape Town. Pop. (1904), 2406, of whom 1139 were white. Swellen- dam is one of the older Dutch settlements in the Cape, dating from 1745, and was named after Hendrik Swellengrebel (then governor of the Cape) and his wife, whose maiden name was Damme. Early in 1795 the burghers of the town and district rose in revolt against the Dutch East India Company, pro­claimed a “ free republic,” and elected a so-styled national assembly. At the same time the burghers of Graaff Reinet also rebelled against the Cape authorities, who were powerless to suppress the insurrectionary movement. One of the claims of the “ free republic ” was “ the absolute and unconditional slavery of all Hottentots and Bushmen.” In September of that year Cape Town surrendered to the British and the “ National ” party at Swellendam quietly accepted British rule.

The town is a trading centre of some importance, and in the surrounding district are large sheep and ostrich farms. The neighbourhood is noted for its abundance of everlasting flowers.

**SWETCHINE, MADAME** (1782-1857"), Russian mystic, whose maiden name was Soymanof, was born in Moscow, and under the influence of Joseph de Maistre became a member of the Roman Catholic Church in 1815. In the following year she settled in Paris where, until her death, she maintained a famous salon remarkable no less for its high courtesy and intellectual brilliance than for its religious atmosphere. Though not physically beautiful she had a personality of rare spiritual charm, nurtured in the private chapel of her house. Her hus­band, General Swetchine, was 25 years her senior. Her *Life and Works* (of which the best known are “ Old Age ” and “ Resigna­tion ”) were published by Μ. de Falloux (2 vols., i860) and her *Letters* by the same editor (2 vols., 1861).

See Sainte-Beuve, *Nouveaux lundis,* vol. i. ; and E. Scherer, *Études sur la littérature contemporaine,* vol. i.

**SWEYN I.,** King of Denmark ( -1014), son of Harold

Bluetooth, the christianizer of Denmark, by his peasant mistress Aesa, according to the Jomsvikinga Saga, though more probably his mother was Queen Gunild, Harold’s consort. The lad was a born champion and buccaneer. His first military expedition, in alliance with the celebrated Jomsborg Viking, Palnatoko, was against his own father, who perished during the struggle (c. 986). Six years later he conducted a large fleet of warships to England, which did infinite damage, but failed to capture London. During his absence, Denmark was temporarily occu­pied by the Swedish king, Eric Sersel, on whose death (c. 994) Sweyn recovered his patrimony. About the same time he repudiated his first wife Gunild, daughter of duke Mieszko of Poland, and married King Eric’s widow, Sigrid. This lady was a fanatical pagan of a disquieting strength of character. Two viceroys, earlier wooers, were burned to death by her orders for their impertinence, and she refused the hand of Olaf Trygvessön, king of Norway, rather than submit to baptism, whereupon the indignant monarch struck her on the mouth with his gauntlet and told her she was a worse pagan than any dog. Shortly afterwards she married Sweyn, and easily persuaded her warlike husband to unite with Olaf, king of Sweden, against Olaf Trygvessön, who fell in the famous sea-fight off Svolde (ιo∞) on the west coast of Rügen, after a heroic resistance immortalized by the sagas, whereupon the confederates divided his kingdom between them. After his first English expedition Sweyn was content to blackmail England instead of ravaging it, till the ruthless massacre of the Danes on St Brice’s day, the 3rd of November 1002, by Ethelred the Unready (Sweyn’s sister was among the victims) brought the Danish king to Exeter (1003). During each of the following eleven years, the Danes, materially assisted by the universal and shameless disloyalty of the Saxon ealdormen, systematically ravaged England, and from 99τ to 1014 the wretched land is said to have paid its invaders in ransoms alone £158,000. Sweyn died suddenly at Gainsborough on the 13th of February 1014. The data relating to his whole history are scanty and obscure, and his memory has suffered materially from the fact that the chief chroniclers of his deeds and misdeeds were ecclesiastics. It was certainly unfortunate that he began life by attacking his own father. It is undeniable that his favourite wife was the most stiff-necked pagan of her day. His most remarkable exploit, Svolde, was certainly won at the expense of Christianity, resulting, as it did, in the death of the saintly Olaf. Small wonder, then, if Adam of Bremen, and the monkish annalists who follow him, describe Sweyn as a grim and bloody semi-pagan, perpetually warring against Christian states. But there is another side to the picture. Viking though he was, Sweyn was certainly a Christian viking. We know that he built churches; that he invited English bishops to settle in Denmark (notably Godibald, who did good work in Scania); that on his death-bed he earnestly commended the Christian cause to his son Canute. He was cruel to his enemies no doubt, but he never forgot a benefit. Thus he rewarded the patriotism of the Danish ladies who sacrificed all their jewels to pay the heavy ransom exacted from him by his captors, the Jomsborg pirates, by enacting a law whereby women were henceforth to inherit landed property in the same way as their male relatives. Of his valour as a captain and his capacity as an administrator there can be no question. His comrades adored him for his liberality, and the frequent visits of Icelandic skalder to his court testify to a love of poetry on his part, indeed one of his own strophes has come down to us. As to his personal appearance we only know that he had a long cleft beard, whence his nickname of *Tiugeskaeg* or Fork-Beard.

See *Danmarks riges historié. Oldtiden og den celdre middelalder,* pp. 364-381 (Copenhagen, 1897-1905). . ( R. N. B.)

**SWIFT, JONATHAN** (1667-1745), dean of St Patrick’s, Dublin, British satirist, was born at No. 7 Hoey’s Court, Dublin, on the 30th of November 1667, a few months after the death of his father, Jonathan Swift (1640-1667), who married about 1664 Abigaile Erick, of an old Leicestershire family. He was taken over to England as an infant and nursed at Whitehaven, whence he returned to Ireland in his fourth year. His grandfather, Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich near Ross, appears to have been a doughty member of the church militant, who lost his possessions by taking the losing side in the Civil War and died in 1658 before the restoration could bring him redress. He married Elizabeth, niece of Sir Erasmus Dryden, the poet’s grandfather. Hence the familiarity of the poet’s well-known “ cooling-card ” to the budding genius of his kinsman Jonathan : “ Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet.” The young Jonathan was educated mainly at the charges of his uncle Godwin, a Tipperary official, who was thought to dole out his help in a somewhat grudging manner. In fact the apparently prosperous relative was the victim of unfortunate speculations, and chose rather to be reproached with avarice than with imprudence. The youth was resentful of what he regarded as curmudgeonly treatment, a bitterness became ingrained and began to corrode his whole nature; and although he came in time to grasp the real state of the case he never mentioned his uncle with kindness or regard. At six he went to Kilkenny School, where Congreve was a schoolfellow; at fourteen he entered pensioner at Trinity College, Dublin, where he seems to have neglected his opportunities. He was referred in natural philosophy, including mathematics, and obtained his degree only by a special but by no means infrequent act of indul­gence. The patronage of his uncle galled him: he was dull and unhappy. We find in Swift few signs of precocious genius. As with Goldsmith, and so many other men who have become artists of the pen, college proved a stepmother to him.

In 1688 the rich uncle, whose supposed riches had dwindled