

XVII. Henry David Thoreau's Appreciation of India in His Own Words

Compiled by Gopal Stavig

Unpublished

Henry David Thoreau (1817-62) the well known American Transcendental philosopher, author and naturalist, had a great respect for Indian knowledge, which is exemplified by his affirmative statements concerning Hindu religious literature, practices and thought. The following passages were selected from Thoreau's *Writings* (WR) and *Journals* (JO).¹ The quotations cited are grouped into the topics of: *The Bhagavad Gita*, *The Laws of Manu*, *The Vedas*, Yoga and Contemplation, Indian Philosophy and Religious Tolerance. Thoreau's original spelling has been left unaltered.

The Bhagavad Gita

The New Testament is remarkable for its pure morality; the best Hindoo Scripture, for its pure intellectuality. The reader is nowhere raised into and sustained in a higher, purer, or rarer region of thought than in the Bhagavat-Geeta. Warren Hastings, in his sensible letter recommending the translation of this book to the Chairman of the East India Company, declares the original to be "of a sublimity of conception, reasoning, and diction almost unequaled," and that the writings of the Indian philosophers "will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance." It is unquestionably one of the noblest and most sacred scriptures which have come down to us. (WR1:142)

To conclude these extracts, I can say, in the words of Sanjay, "As, O mighty Prince! I recollect again and again this holy and wonderful dialogue of Kreeshna and Arjoon, I continue more and more to rejoice; and as I recall to my memory the more than

miraculous form of Haree, my astonishment is great, and I marvel and rejoice again and again! Wherever Kreeshna the God of devotion may be, wherever Arjoon the mighty bowman may be, there too, without doubt, are fortune, riches, victory, and good conduct. This is my firm belief.” I would say to the readers of Scriptures, if they wish for a good book, read the Bhagavat-Geeta, an episode to the Mahabharat, said to have been written by Kreeshna Dwypayen Veias, ... more than four thousand years ago, - it matters not whether three or four or when, - translated by Charles Wilkins. It deserves to be read with reverence even by Yankees, as a part of the sacred writings of a devout people; and the intelligent Hebrew will rejoice to find in it a moral grandeur and sublimity akin to those of his own Scriptures. (WR1:147-48)

The contemplations of those Indian sages have influenced, and still influence, the intellectual development of mankind, - whose works even yet survive in wonderful completeness, are, for the most part, not recognized as ever having existed.... In comparison with the philosophers of the East, we may say that modern Europe has yet given birth to none. Beside the vast and cosmological philosophy of the Bhagvat-Geeta, even Shakespeare seems sometimes youthfully green and practical merely. (WR1:149)

The Bhagvat-Geeta is less sententious and poetic, perhaps, but still more wonderfully sustained and developed. Its sanity and sublimity have impressed the minds even of soldiers and merchants. It is the characteristic of great poems that they will yield of their sense in due proportion to the hasty and the deliberate reader. To the practical they will be common sense, and to the wise wisdom; as either the traveler may wet his lips, or an army may fill its water-casks at a full stream. (WR1:153-54)

In the morning I bathe my intellect in the stupendous and cosmogonical philosophy of the Bhagavat-Geeta, since whose composition years of the gods have elapsed, and in comparison with which our modern world and its literature seem puny and trivial; and I doubt if that philosophy is not to be referred to a previous state of

existence, so remote is its sublimity from our conceptions. I lay down the book and go to my well for water, and lo! there I meet the servant of the Bramin, priest of Brahma and Vishnu and Indra, who still sits in his temple on the Ganges reading the Vedas, or dwells at the root of a tree with his crust and water jug. I meet his servant come to draw water for his master, and our buckets as it were grate together in the same well. The pure Walden water is mingled with the sacred water of the Ganges. (WR 2:328-29)

Our acquaintance with the ancient Hindoos is not at all personal. The full names that can be relied upon are very shadowy. It is, however, tangible works that we know. The best I think are the Bhagavat Geeta (an episode in an ancient heroic poem called the Mahabarat), the Vedas, the Vishnu Purana, the Institute of Menu, etc. (WR 6:299-300)

But it should not be by their architecture but by their abstract thoughts that a nation should seek to commemorate itself. How much more admirable the Bhagavat Geeta than all the ruins of the East! Methinks there are few specimens of architecture so perfect as a verse of poetry. (JO 4:152-53)

The Laws of Manu

The wisest conservatism is that of the Hindoos, "Immemorial custom is transcendent law," says Menu. That is, it was the custom of the gods before men used it. The fault of our New England custom is that it is memorial. What is morality but immemorial custom? Conscience is the chief of conservatives. "Perform the settled functions," says Kreeshna in the Bhagavat-Geeta; "action is preferable to inaction." (WR 1:140)

One of the most attractive of those ancient books that I have met with is the Laws of Menu. According to Sir William Jones, "Vyasa the son of Parasara, has decided that the Veda, with its Angas, or the six compositions deduced from it, the revealed system of medicine, the Puranas or sacred histories, and the code of Menu,

were four works of supreme authority, which ought never to be shaken by arguments merely human.” (WR 1:154)

I know of no book which comes down to us with grander pretensions than this [The Law of Manu], and it is so impersonal and sincere that it is never offensive nor ridiculous. Compare the modes in which modern literature is advertised with the prospectus of this book, and think what a reading public it addresses, what criticism it expects. It seems to have been uttered from some eastern summit, with a sober morning prescience in the dawn of time, and you cannot read a sentence without being elevated as upon the table-land of the Ghauts. It has such a rhythm as the winds of the desert, such a tide as the Ganges, and is as superior to criticism as the Himmaleh Mountains. Its tone is of such unrelaxed fibre that even at this late a day, unworn by time, it wears the English and Sanskrit dress indifferently; and its fixed sentences keep up their distant fires still, like the stars, by whose dissipated rays this lower world is illumined. The whole book by noble gestures and inclinations renders many words unnecessary. English sense has toiled, but Hindoo wisdom never perspired. Though the sentences open as we read them, unexpensively, and at first almost unmeaningly, as the petals of a flower, they sometimes startle us with that rare kind of wisdom which could only have been learned from the most trivial experiences; but it comes to us as refined as the porcelain earth which subsides to the bottom of the ocean. They are clean and dry as fossil truths, which have been exposed to the elements for thousands of years, so impersonally and scientifically true that they are the ornament of the parlor and the cabinet. Any moral philosophy is exceedingly rare. This of Menu addresses our privacy more than most. It is a more private and familiar, and at the same time a more public and universal word, than is spoken in parlor or pulpit nowadays. As our domestic fowl are said to have their original in the wild pheasant of India, so our domestic thoughts have their prototypes in the thoughts of her philosophers. We are dabbling in the very elements of our present conventional and actual life; as it

were the primeval conventicle, where how to eat, and to drink, and to sleep, and maintain life with adequate dignity and sincerity, were the questions to be decided. It is later and more intimate with us even than the advice of our nearest friends. (WR 1:155-56)

The Laws of Menu ... are of a piece with its depth and serenity, and I am assured that they will have a place and significance as long as there is a sky to test them by. (WR 1:157)

Menu says that the “supreme omnipresent intelligence” is “a spirit which can only be conceived by a mind slumbering.” Wisdom and holiness always slumber; they are never active in the ways of the world. (JO 1:229-30)

That title, “The Laws of Menu with the Gloss of Culluca,” [Kulluka, c. 1150-1300] comes to me with such a volume of sound as if it had swept unobstructed over the plains of Hindostan; and when my eyes rest on yonder birches, or the sun in the water, or the shadows of the trees, it seems to signify the laws of them all. They are the laws of you and me, a fragrance wafted down from those old times, and no more to be refuted than the wind. When my imagination travels eastward and backward to those remote years of the gods, I seem to draw near to the habitation of the morning, and the dawn at length has a place. I remember the book as an hour before sunrise. (JO 1:261)

So supremely religious a book imposes with authority on the latest age. The very simplicity of style of the ancient lawgiver, implying all in the omission of all, proves an habitual elevation of thought, which the multiplied glosses of later days strive in vain to slope up to. The whole book by noble gestures and inclinations seems to render words unnecessary. The abbreviated sentence points to the thing for explanation. As the sublimest thought is most faithfully printed in the face, and needs the fewest interpreting words. The page nods toward the fact and is silent. (JO 1:266-67)

The impression which those sublime sentences made on me last night has awakened me before any cockcrowing. Their influence lingers around me like a fragrance, or as the fog hangs over the

earth late into the day. The very locusts and crickets of a summer day are but later or older glosses on the Dherma Shastra of the Hindoos, a continuation of the sacred code. (JO 1:267)

Everywhere the speech of Menu demands the widest apprehension and proceeds from the loftiest plateau of the soul. It is spoken unbendingly to its own level, and does not imply any contemporaneous speaker. (JO 1:268)

The “Laws of Menu” ... is so impersonal that it exercises our sincerity more than any other. It goes with us into the yard and into the chamber, and is yet later spoken than the advice of our mother and sisters. (JO 1:279)

The sublime sentences of Menu carry us back to a time when purification and sacrifice and self-devotion had a place in the faith of men, and were not as now a superstition. They contain a subtle and refined philosophy also, such as in these times is not accompanied with so lofty and pure a devotion. (JO 1:280)

The Vedas

All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say, “All intelligences awake with the morning.” (WR 2:99)

In the Hindoo scripture the idea of man is quite illimitable and sublime. There is nowhere a loftier conception of his destiny. He is at length lost in Brahma himself, “the divine male.” Indeed, the distinction of races in this life is only the commencement of a series of degrees which ends in Brahma. The veneration in which the Vedas are held is itself a remarkable fact. Their code embraced the whole moral life of the Hindoo, and in such case there is no other truth than sincerity. Truth is such by reference to the heart of man within, not to any standard without. There is no creed so false but faith can make it true. In inquiring into the origin and genuineness of this scripture it is impossible to tell when the divine agency in its composition ceased, and the human began. “From fire, from air, and

from the sun” was it “milked out.” There is no grander conception of creation anywhere. It is peaceful as a dream, and so in the annihilation of the world. It is such a beginning and ending as the morning and evening, for they had learned that God’s methods are not violent. It was such an awakening as might have had been heralded by the faint dreaming chirp of the crickets before the dawn. The very indistinctness of its theogony implies a sublime truth. It does not allow the reader to rest in any supreme first cause, but directly hints of a supreamer still which created the last. The creator is still behind, increate. The divinity is so fleeting that its attributes are never expressed. (JO 1:275-76)

What extracts from the Vedas I have read fall on me like the light of a higher and purer luminary, which describes a loftier course through a purer stratum, - free from particulars, simple, universal. It rises on me like the full moon after the stars have come out, wading through some far summer stratum of the sky. The Vedant teaches how “by forsaking religious rites,” the votary may “obtain purification of mind.” One wise sentence is worth the state of Massachusetts many times over. The Vedas contain a sensible account of God. The religion and philosophy of the Hebrews are those of a wilder and ruder tribe, wanting the civility and intellectual refinements and subtlety of the Hindoos. Man flows at once to God as soon as the channel of purity, physical, intellectual, and moral, is open. With the Hindoos virtue is an intellectual exercise, not a social and practical one. It is a knowing, not a doing. (JO 2:4)

Reading the hymns of the Rig Veda, translated by Wilson, which consist in a great measure of simple epithets addressed to the firmament, or the dawn, or the winds, which mean more or less as the reader is more or less alert and imaginative, and seeing how widely the various translators have differed, they regarding not the poetry, but the history and philology, dealing with the very concise Sanscrit, which must almost always be amplified to be understood, I am sometimes inclined to doubt if the translator has not made something out of nothing, - whether a real idea or sentiment has

been thus transmitted to us from so primitive a period. I doubt if learned Germans might not thus edit pebbles from the seashore into the hymns of the Rig Veda, and translators translate them accordingly, extracting the meaning which the sea has imparted to them in very primitive times. While the commentators and translators are disputing about the meaning of this word or that, I hear only the resounding of the ancient sea and put into it all the meaning I am possessed of, the deepest murmurs I can recall, for I do not the least care where I get my ideas, or what suggests them. (JO 8:134-35)

According to the Upanishads, “As water, when rained down on elevated ground, runs scattered off in the valleys, so ever runs after difference a person who beholds attributes different (from the soul).” (JO 10:54)

If you read the Rig Veda, oldest of the books, as it were, describing a very primitive people and condition of things, you hear in their prayers of a still older, more primitive and aboriginal race in their midst and round about, warring on them and seizing their flocks and herds, infesting their pastures. Thus is it in another sense in all communities, and hence the prison and police. (JO 11:424)

Yoga and Contemplation

Christianity, on the other hand, is humane, practical, and, in a large sense, radical. So many years and ages of the gods those Eastern sages sat contemplating Brahm, uttering in silence the mystic “Om,” being absorbed into the essence of the Supreme Being, never going out of themselves, but subsiding farther and deeper within; so infinitely wise, yet infinitely stagnant; until, at last, in that same Asia, but in the western part of it, appeared a youth, wholly unforecast by them, - not being absorbed in Brahm, but bringing Brahm down to earth and to mankind; in whom Brahm had awaked from his long sleep, and exerted himself, and the day began, - a new avatar. The Brahman had never thought to be a brother of

mankind as well as a child of God. Christ is the prince of Reformers and Radicals. Many expressions in the New Testament come naturally to the lips of all Protestants, and it furnishes the most pregnant and practical texts. There is no harmless dreaming, no wise speculation in it, but everywhere a substratum of good sense. It never reflects, but it repents. There is no poetry in it, we may say, nothing regarded in the light of beauty merely, but moral truth is its object. All mortals are convicted by its conscience. (WR 1:141-42)

Books are to be distinguished by the grandeur of their topics even more than by the manner in which they are treated. The Oriental philosophy approaches easily loftier themes than the modern aspires to; and no wonder if it sometimes prattle about them. It only assigns their due rank respectively to Action and Contemplation, or rather does full justice to the latter. Western philosophers have not conceived of the significance of Contemplation in their sense. Speaking of the spiritual discipline to which the Brahmans subjected themselves, and the wonderful power of abstraction to which they attained, instances of which had come under his notice, [Warren] Hastings says: (WR 1:142-43)

“To those who have never been accustomed to the separation of the mind from the notices of the senses, it may not be easy to conceive by what means such a power is to be attained; ... there have been men who were successively, for ages past, in the daily habit of abstracted contemplation, ... their collective studies may have led them to the discovery of new tracts and combinations of sentiment, totally different from the doctrines with which the learned of other nations are acquainted; doctrines which, however speculative and subtle, still as they possess the advantage of being derived from a source so free from every adventitious mixture, may be equally founded in truth with the most simple of our own.” (WR 1:143-44)

The most glorious fact is my experience is not anything that I have done or may hope to do, but a transient thought, or vision, or dream, which I have had. I would give all the wealth of the world, and

all the deeds of all the heroes, for one true vision. But how can I communicate with the gods, who am a pencil-maker on the earth, and not be insane? (WR 1:145-46)

I realized what the Orientals mean by contemplation and the forsaking of works. For the most part, I minded not how the hours went. The day advanced as if to light some work of mine; it was the morning, and lo, now it is evening, and nothing memorable is accomplished. Instead of singing like the birds, I silently smiled at my incessant good fortune. (WR 2:124)

What says Veeshnoo Sarma? "He whose mind is at ease is possessed of all riches." (WR 4:303)

"Free in this world as the birds in the air, disengaged from every kind of chains, those who have practiced the yoga gather in Brahma the certain fruit of their works." Depend upon it that, rude and careless as I am, I would fain practice the yoga faithfully. "The yogi, absorbed in contemplation, contributes in his degree to creation: he breathes a divine perfume, he hears wonderful things. Divine forms transverse him without tearing him, and, united to the nature which is proper to him, he goes, he acts as animating original matter." To some extent, and at rare intervals, even I am a yogi. (WR 6:175)

When I look back eastward over the world, it seems to be all in repose. Arabia, Persia, Hindostan are the land of contemplation. Those Eastern nations have perfected the luxury of idleness. (JO 1:343)

In the New England noontide I have discovered more materials of Oriental history than the Sanskrit contains or Sir W. Jones has unlocked. I see why it is necessary there should be such history at all. Was not Asia mapped in my brain before it was in any geography? In my brain is the Sanskrit which contains the history of the primitive times. The Vedas and their Angas are not so ancient as my serenest contemplations. My mind contemplates them, as Brahma his scribe. (JO 1:344)

"He who would obtain final emancipation must abstain from every exterior action. The operation which conducts the pious and

penitent Brahman to the knowledge of the truth, is all interior, intellectual, mental. They are not ordinary practices which can bring light into the soul.” “The Mouni who desires his final emancipation will have care evening and morning to subdue his senses, to fix his mind on the divine essence, and to transport himself by the force of his soul to the eternal abode of Vichnou. Although he may have engaged in works, he does not wear the clog of them, because his soul is not attached to them. A being returns to life in consequence of the affection which he has borne for terrestrial things: he finds himself emancipated, when he has felt only indifference for them.” “The Richis mingle with nature, which remains strange to their senses. Luminous and brilliant they cover themselves with a humid vapor, under which they seem no more to exist, although existing always, like the thread which is lost and confounded in the woof.” (JO 2:191)

A commentary on the Sankhya Karika says, “By external knowledge worldly distinction is acquired; by internal knowledge, liberation.” The Sankhya Karika says, “By attainment of perfect knowledge, virtue and the rest become causeless; yet soul remains awhile invested with body, as the potter’s wheel continues whirling from the effect of the impulse previously given to it.” (JO 2:192)

Indian Philosophy

It is sublime conservatism; as wide as the world, and as unwearied as time; preserving the universe with Asiatic anxiety, in that state in which it appeared to their minds. These philosophers dwell on the inevitability and unchangeableness of laws, on the power of temperament and constitution, the three goon [gunas], or qualities, and the circumstances, or birth and affinity. The end is an immense consolation; eternal absorption in Brahma. Their speculations never venture beyond their own tablelands, though they are high and vast as they. Buoyancy, freedom, flexibility, variety, possibility, which are also qualities of the Unnamed, they

deal not with. The undeserved reward is to be earned by an everlasting moral drudgery; the incalculable promise of the morrow is, as it were, weighted. And who will say that their conservatism has nor been effectual? “Assuredly,” says a French translator, speaking of the antiquity and durability of the Chinese and Indian nations, and of the wisdom of their legislators, “there are some vestiges of the eternal laws which govern the world.” (WR 1:140-41)

“So the man is praised, who, having subdued all his passions, performeth with the active faculties all the functions of life, unconcerned about the event.” “Wise men call him a Pandeet, whose every understanding is free from the idea of desire, and whose actions are consumed by the fire of wisdom. He abandoneth the desire of a reward of his actions; he is always contented and independent; and although he may be engaged in a work, he as it were doeth nothing.” (WR 1:145)

To an American reader, who, by the advantage of his position, can see over that strip of Atlantic coast to Asia and the Pacific, ... the comparatively recent literature of Europe often appears partial and clannish; and, notwithstanding the limited range of his own sympathies and studies, the European writer who presumes that he is speaking for the world is perceived by him to speak only for that corner of it which he inhabits. One of the rarest of England’s scholars and critics, in his classification of the worthies of the world, betrays the narrowness of his European culture and the exclusiveness of his reading. None of her children has done justice to the poets and philosophers of Persia or of India. (WR 1:148)

Still had India, and that old noontide philosophy, the better part of our thoughts. It is always singular, but encouraging, to meet with common sense in very old books, as the Heetopades of Veeshnoo Sarma;² a playful wisdom which has eyes behind as well as before, and oversees itself. (WR 1:153)

The very austerity of the Brahmans is tempting to the devotional soul, as a more refined and nobler luxury. Wants so easily and gracefully satisfied seem like a more refined pleasure. Their

conception of creation is peaceful as a dream. "When that power awakes, then has this world its full expansion; but when he slumbers with a tranquil spirit, then the whole system fades away." In the very indistinctness of their theogony a sublime truth is implied. It hardly allows the reader to rest in any supreme first cause, but directly it hints at a supreamer still which created the last, and the Creator is still behind increate. (WR 1:159)

It was fit that I should live on rice, mainly, who loved so well the philosophy of India. (WR 2:67)

"So soul" continues the Hindoo philosopher, "from the circumstances in which it is placed, mistakes its own character, until the truth is revealed to it by some holy teacher, and then it knows itself to be Brahme." I perceive that we inhabitants of New England live this mean life that we do because our vision does not penetrate the surface of things. We think that is which appears to be. (WR 2:107)

"That is active duty," says the Vishnu Purana, "which is not for our bondage; that is knowledge which is for our liberation: all other duty is good only unto weariness; all other knowledge is only the cleverness of an artist." (WR 5:241)

The Hindoos are more serenely and thoughtfully religious than the Hebrews. They have perhaps a purer, more independent and impersonal knowledge of God. Their religious books describe the first inquisitive and contemplative access to God; the Hebrew bible a conscientious return, a grosser and more personal repentance. Repentance is not a free and fair highway to God. A wise man will dispense with repentance. It is shocking and passionate. God prefers that you approach him thoughtful, not penitent, though you are the chief of sinners. It is only by forgetting yourself that you draw near to him. The calmness and gentleness with which the Hindoo philosophers approach and discourse on forbidden themes is admirable. (JO 2:3)

In earlier times the Brahmans, though they were the legislators of India, possessed no executive power and lived in poverty; yet they were for the most part independent and respected. (JO 2:32)

The Harivansa describes a “substance called Poroucha, a spiritual substance known also under the name of Mahat, spirit united to the five elements, soul of being, now enclosing itself in a body like ours, now returning to the eternal body; it is mysterious wisdom, the perpetual sacrifice made by the virtue of the Yoga, the fire which animates animals, shines in the sun, and is mingled with all bodies. Its nature is to be born and to die, to pass from repose to movement. The spirit led astray by the senses, in the midst of the creation of Brahma, engages itself in works and knows birth, as well as death. The organs of the senses are its paths, and its work manifests itself in this creation of Brahma. Thought tormented by desires, is like the sea agitated by the wind. Brahma has said: the heart filled with strange affections is to be here below purified by wisdom. Here below even, clothed already as it were in a luminous form, let the spirit, though clogged by the bonds of the body, prepare for itself an abode sure and permanent.” (JO 2:190-91)

The Brahman Saradwata, say the Dharma Sacontala, was at first confounded on entering the city, “but now,” says he, “I look on it as the freeman on the captive, as a man just bathed in pure water on a man smeared with oil and dust.” (JO 2:193)

“As pure water, which is thrown down on pure ground, remains alike, so also, O Gautama, is the soul of the thinker who knows.” (JO 10:54)

Religious Tolerance

I know that some will have hard thoughts of me, when they hear their Christ named beside my Buddha, yet I am sure that I am willing they should love their Christ more than my Buddha, for the love is the main thing, and I like him to. (WR1:68)

Some would fine fault with the morning red, if they ever got up early enough. “They pretend,” as I hear, “that the verses of Kabir have four different senses; illusion, spirit, intellect, and the exoteric doctrine of the Vedas;” but in this part of the world it is considered a ground for complaint if a man’s writings admit of more than one interpretation. (WR 2:358)

I do not prefer one religion or philosophy to another. I have no sympathy with the bigotry and ignorance which make transient and partial and puerile distinctions between one man’s faith or form of faith and another’s- as Christian and heathen. I pray to be delivered from narrowness, partially, exaggeration, bigotry. To the philosopher all sects, all nations, are alike. I like Brahma, Hari, Buddha, the Great Spirit, as well as God. (JO2:4)

It would be well if the false preacher of Christianity were always met and balked by a superior, more living and elastic faith in the audience; just as some missionaries in India are balked by the easiness with which the Hindoos believe every word of the miracles and prophecies, being only surprised “that they are so much less wonderful than those of their own scripture, which also they implicitly believe.” (JO 4:250)

References

¹ *The Writings of Henry David Thoreau* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1906); *The Journal of Henry D. Thoreau*, eds. Bradford Torrey and Francis Allen (Boston: Houghton, Mufflin and Co., 1906, 1949). The Volumes in the *Writings* (WR) are for the following manuscripts: volume 1, *A Week on the Concord and the Merrimack Rivers* (1849); 2, *Walden* (1854); 4, *Paradise to Be Regained* (1843); 5, *Excursions* (1863); and 6, *Familiar Letters* (1849-56). The volumes of the *Journal* (JO) cited in the text were written down in the following years: volume 1 (1841-42); 2 (1850-51); 4 (1852); 8 (1856); 10 (1857); and 11 (1859). For additional less important statements about India not covered in this article see: WR 1:144-47, 154, 157-60; 2:107, 115, 134, 240-41, 359-60; 6:224; JO 1:263-64, 277; 2:191-92.

² Charles Wilkins, *The Heetopades of Veeshnoo-Sarma* (1787).