

## DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

## ENGLISH

(WALT WHITMAN)



IVE 11-07-2024 07:00 PM











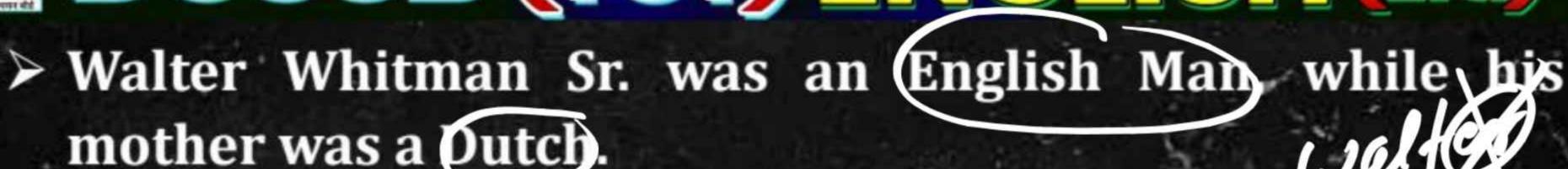
## Walt Whitman

Biography & Works



- Birth Walter Whitman, May 31, 1819 in the village of West Hills on Long Island, New York, U.S.
- Parents His father name was Walter Whitman
- Mother Louisa Van Velsor Whitman
- Love Affair (Ann Gilchrist)
- > Spouse Remained Bachelor
- Occupation 19th Century American, Poet, essayist and journalist.
- Death- March 26, 1892 (aged 72) Camden, New Jersey, U.S.





> He was second of nine children.

- Walter Whitman Sr. named three of his seven sons after American leaders: Andrew Jackson, George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson.
- He was immediately nicknamed "Walt" to distinguish him from his father. In 1822, when Whitman was around 2 years old, the Whitman family moved to Brooklyn.



## Practice (TET) ENGLISH (Lit.)





- At the age of eleven he concluded formal schooling.
- > Whitman began working at the age of 11. He was an office boy for a law/doctors office before becoming an apprentice printer at a newspaper.
- In 1831-32, Whitman began his first newspaper work for the Long Island Patriot newspaper.
- In 1833, His family left Brooklyn and moved back to "Long Island", leaving fourteen-year-old Walt







- In May 1836, he rejoined his family and got a job as a school teacher.
- > He left shortly thereafter, and made another attempt at teaching from the winter of 1840 to the spring of 1841.
  - In 1841, he moved back to New York City, and worked a typesetter and freelance writer.
  - In March 1850 he published his first poem in free verse Blood Money" in the New York Evening Post.



- > On 4th July (855 on the day of American Independence, he Sa Pat published the first edition of American epic Leaves of Grass a collection of twelve poems written in a bold new style.
- > On 11th July 1855 his father Walt Whitman Sr. Died.
- On 12th April, 1861 American Civil War broke out. He moved to Washington D.C. and worked as a nurse in the military hospitals.
- In (1871) it was mistakenly reported that the author of "Leaves of Grass" died in a railroad accident. The same year he published "Democratic Vistas", "Passage to India" and Recited.



### His Important Work

- Franklin Evans or The Inebriate: A Tale of the Times: The first novel written by Walt Whitman published in 1842.
- Blood Money In March 1850 he published his first poem in free verse "Blood Money"
- ➤ "Leaves of Grass": Leaves of Grass is a popular poetry collection of Whitman. It is considered as "The Bible of Democracy", its first edition came on July 4th 1855 with twelve poems. It is written in Free verse, Total Nine editions were published.
- Song of Myself: It is a poem by Whitman included in Leaves of Grass"





- "O Captain! My Captain!":- is an extended metaphor poem written by Walt Whitman in 1865 about the death of U.S. President Abraham Lincoln who served as the 16th president of the United States.
- Democratic Vistas: is a book by American author Walt Whitenan sublished in 1871.
- Passage to India is a long poem of the poet Walt Whitman.







Animals

## Amimals

Ammalo.

- Walt Whitman

- Yumam

- Being











I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd, (I)stand and look at them long and long.

Quito Satisfied
Pequo







They do not sweat and whine about their condition, They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with

the mania of owning things,





Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me and I accept them, They bring me tokens of myself, they evince

them plainly in their possession

Qualifiep



2 W.W





I wonder where they get those tokens Did I pass that way huge times ago and negligently

drop them?

Yuman Being Animals







- first published in 1855 in Leaves of Grass
- titled in 1881
- ♦ Theme(idea of self)
- original poem consists of 52 sections







I celebrate myself, and sing myself, And what I assume you shall assume, For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you. I loafe and invite my soul,

I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

wander



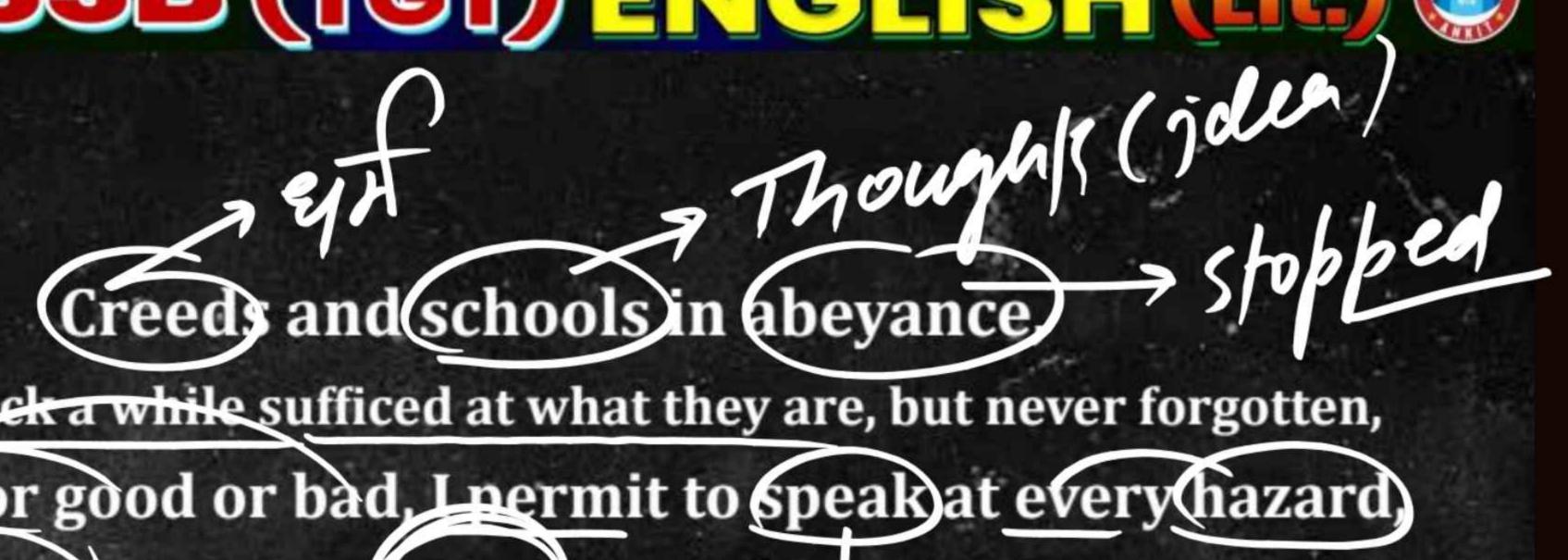
## WW America

My tongue every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air, Born here of parents born here from parents the same,

and their parents the same,

I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin, Hoping to cease not till death.





Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,

I harbor for good or bad, Lpermit to speak at every hazard, Nature without check with original energy.





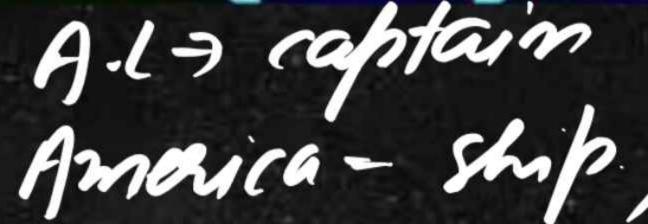


- Walt Whitman

- written in 1865
- \* assassination of Abraham Lincoln
- an elegy on his death
- published in 'Leaves of Grass'
- ◆ 24 lines poem divided into 8-lines stanza



# DSSSB (TET) ENGLISH (Lit.) (\*) A.L. = captain Amorica - ship Amorica - ship



O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done.

The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;







But 0 heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.







O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;

Rise up-for you the flag is flung-for you the bugle trills

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths-for you the

shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;





Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.









My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still, My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will, The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done, From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;



Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.