

THE TELL-TALE HEART

By: Edgar Allan Poe

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*Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.*

Longfellow

TRUE!—NERVOUS—Very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease has sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture¹—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

¹ There are no vultures with a pale blue eye. The closest is a Griffon vulture. These vultures reside in West Africa. Their eyes are yellow; however, the sclera (the white part of our eye) appears pale blue. This is probably due to their gray and purple coloring on their heads (“Ruppell’s Griffon Vulture”)

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust I my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man’s sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights²—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye³. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night⁴ I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch’s minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night, had I felt the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I

² The number seven has many positive meanings. First, it is viewed as the number of completion in The Bible. God created the world and rested on the seventh day, thus evoking completion. It also means perfection in some scriptures. (“The biblical meaning of the number seven”) It is also considered lucky, perhaps because it is complete. Superstition also uses seven as a punishment, such as seven years bad luck for breaking a mirror.

³ The Evil Eye is “the look a human gives to another being (human or other) to cause them harm” (Radford, Benjamin). This definition can be seen in many ancient texts, including The Bible (Proverbs 23:6), The Koran, Greek and Roman texts, and even Shakespeare (Radford, Benjamin). It is believed, especially in Middle Eastern cultures, that this look can cause disease, famine, and mental illness (Radford, Benjamin).

⁴ The number eight also has significant meaning in The Bible. It means a new beginning, as shown in Jesus’ resurrection (“Symbolic meaning of the number eight”). The number eight is also considered lucky in the Chinese culture because it means good fortune (“Lucky number 8”).

knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just after midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of a spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the

beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse⁵. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary of that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek

⁵ Poe uses dismemberment in some of his other stories, including "The Man Who Was Used Up" and "The Black Cat". Diana Almeida wrote on how Poe's dismemberment in "The Man Who Was Used Up" dissolved the ideal of the "unitary self" in descriptions of dismemberment as well as mixing the normal reader, writer, and narrator relationship (Almeida, 163-173).

had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, --for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct:--it continued and become more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness—until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale;--but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and, now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks! here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

Editor's Note

“The Tell-Tale Heart” by Edgar Allan Poe takes the reader on a chilling journey with a murderous narrator. Poe’s style is one all his own, meaning that his stories mix blood, gore, and literary themes that create layers to explore. Poe’s own life has many layers within it, including marrying his twelve-year-old cousin and becoming the editor of *Graham’s Magazine*. Just before publishing “The Tell-Tale Heart”, Poe was at his peak in his career (Quinn, Arthur Hobson, 305-346). He became the editor of *Graham’s* and was producing a significant amount of poems and short stories including “The Man in the Crowd”, “Murders in the Rue Morgue”, and “Eleonora” (Quinn, Arthur Hobson, 305-346). At the same time, his peers did not view him as popular as the public. Perhaps it is due to his compelling strive of an ideal, his spiritual love of his “child wife”, and his (potentially viewed) frank attitude. This can be seen through his back-and-forth letters to his publishers and other writers (Quinn, Arthur Hobson, 305-346). After “The Tell-Tale Heart” was published in January 1843, many things in Poe’s professional life went downhill. This includes but is not limited to: *The Pioneer* dying (no pun intended) in March 1843 and his potential journal *The Stylus* going under. These setbacks throughout his life probably contributed to the dark elements in his stories.

Poe presents an interesting dilemma in “The Tell-Tale Heart” for readers. The reader acts as an accomplice to the narrator because, throughout the entire piece, they inherently watch the murder and do nothing about it. It can be viewed as voyeuristic, meaning we as readers are not killing the man with him, but are watching him perform the gruesome act. It also has another sensory level of sound, since the readers are listening to his story. Paul Witherington’s essay “The Accomplice in ‘The Tell-Tale Heart’” discusses how we hear the confession but also do nothing about it (471-475). We as readers are complicit in the act because, even though we think he is mad, we can almost relate to his madness. We accept that he kills the old man for his eye, possibly because he calls it “evil”. We are shocked at the end when he confesses because it seems like the narrator committed the perfect murder. It can be inferred that the guilt was overwhelming, as seen in J.R. Lowell’s “The Plays of Thomas Middleton” in the same issue of *The Pioneer*. Lowell explicitly states “The Tell-Tale Heart” in his footnote as an example of “bodily remorse”, which is “a strong agony of which shakes us inwardly when we have done a murder upon the soul of our brother, and have been marked on our foreheads as spiritual Cains . . . or any other lie against God” (Lowell, 37). This goes along with the reader as an accomplice because we are just as guilty as the murderer is. Another layer to this theory is the eye symbol. Not only is it evil, but the old man is watching the narrator attack him, as we watch the narrator attacking the old man, as the old man watches us the reader

observing his death. Overall, this story explores an idea of voyeurism in both antebellum and modern ways.

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