Excerpt from Thomas Jefferson’s review of Wheatley’s Work

Misery is often the parent of the most affecting touches in poetry. Among the blacks is misery enough, God knows, but no poetry. Love is the peculiar oeuvre of the poet. Their love is ardent but it kindles the senses only, not the imagination.

Religion indeed has produced a Phyllis Whately; but it could not produce a poet. The compositions published under her name are below the dignity of criticism. The heroes of the Dunciad are to her, as Hercules to the author of that poem.

Ignatius Sancho has approached nearer to merit in composition, yet his letters do more honour to the heart than the head.

Dunciad - Poem celebrates a goddess Dulness & the progress of her choice

Ardent - enthusiastic or passionate
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Oestrum—a recurring period of sexual receptivity and fertility in many female mammals.

Dunciad—a poem by Pope, satirizing various contemporary writers.
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God knows love, their love. Religion indeed has produced Phyllis Whately, a poet.