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 oestrum 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."