But, base that works of art should judged be
By fools in skill, who have no eyes to see;
Who ne'er by arduous thought, or stretch of mind,
Trac'd causes old, some new effects to find;
Whose stupid life to man was ne'er of good,
Except it were to eat another's food;
And numerous is this tribe, that gain a name,
But not by works of skill, deserving Fame.

Yet, science has her sons in every age,
Her babes of skill, her striplings, and the sage,
And daughters too, on which her hand bestows
Sublime discernments, that no stranger knows;
Though bastards oft intrude and steal the bread
With which the sons of merit should be fed,
Array themselves in ep'lettes, swords and gowns,
And strut about like showmen's drest-up hounds;
And if you ask them a new work to view,
• Oh, sir! say they, it never can be true;
• Besides, I have no time to spare, to look
• At schemes like these; they 're not within my book.

But science owns not such a gaudy train,
Who can on sons of genius pour disdain,
Nor quack philosophers, who durst decide
On works of merit they have never tried,
Nor half-taught theorists, of whatever name,
Who seek by others' skill to gather fame;
Nor wanton sceptics, who can dare condemn
More worthy works than ever fell to them.