

**COLLECTORS: AN ADDRESS READ
TO THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES
AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING,
BOSTON, DECEMBER 18, 1907**

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Collectors: an address read to the Club of Odd Volumes at its annual meeting, Boston, December 18, 1907 by James Frothingham Hunnewell

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JAMES FROTHINGHAM HUNNEWELL

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AN ADDRESS

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MEETING, BOSTON, DECEMBER 18, 1907

BY THE PRESIDENT

JAMES FROTHINGHAM HUNNEWELL



BOSTON
THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES
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COLLECTORS

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AT the beginning of another year of our Club life, several subjects for remarks occur to me, or have been suggested.

Besides speaking as presiding officer at more than eighty meetings, and on the many varied topics then considered, I have presented, and read or spoken, at least fifteen papers. Still there are subjects as yet untouched, or hardly touched, on which I would like to talk, for they much interest me, and I hope would interest you; and still the question remained open, until a very simple thought occurred to me, and that may well be the subject for an address to-night, on our Twentieth Anniversary.

All of us are Collectors, and some review, necessarily condensed, of what elsewhere they were, and what they did, and results

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that followed, is consistent with our activities and purposes.

It is not necessary, and indeed there is not now time, to consider anything in Antiquity. We begin with some of the great—the greatest—collectors in the Middle Ages; these were some of the Monastic Orders, notably the Benedictines. Literature and History owe a large debt of gratitude to this illustrious Order. The libraries they made or gathered were, in their time, the shrines and strongholds of Civilization. All the world has never seen a grander and more impressively seated institution than Saint Benedict's Monastery on the Monte Cassino. Venerable in age and history, vast in size, with its church interior covered by gold and marbles, gorgeous even for Italy, it stands on its lofty heights looking out over the craggy Apennines and the wild Abruzzi. Secluded in quiet, simple rooms is, or was, the famous library. Through many a generation it grew by the patient art of the transcriber,

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