

The TAMAMURA  
Photographic  
Studio  
and  
Art Gallery.

T. Takagi.  
Proprietor.

TEL 2007 LD.

NO 42 NISHIMACHI, KOBE, JAPAN.

ANY AND EVERY ART IN  
THE PHOTOGRAPHING LINE  
EXECUTED IN THE HIGHEST ORDER.

神戸市西町拾貳番  
玉村寫真館  
電話長二〇七

# 'ART FOR ART'S SAKE': TAMAMURA'S PRODUCTIONS IN ESTHETIC ART

DAVID ROBINSON

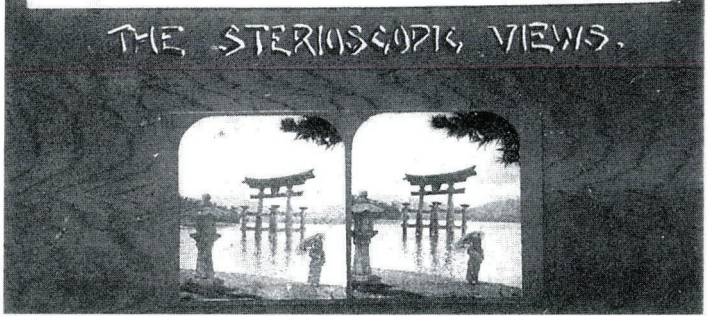
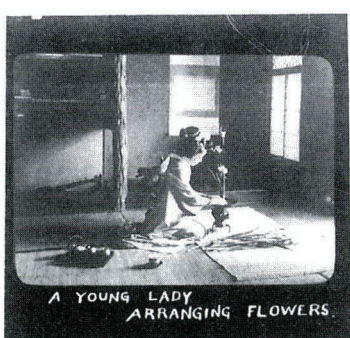
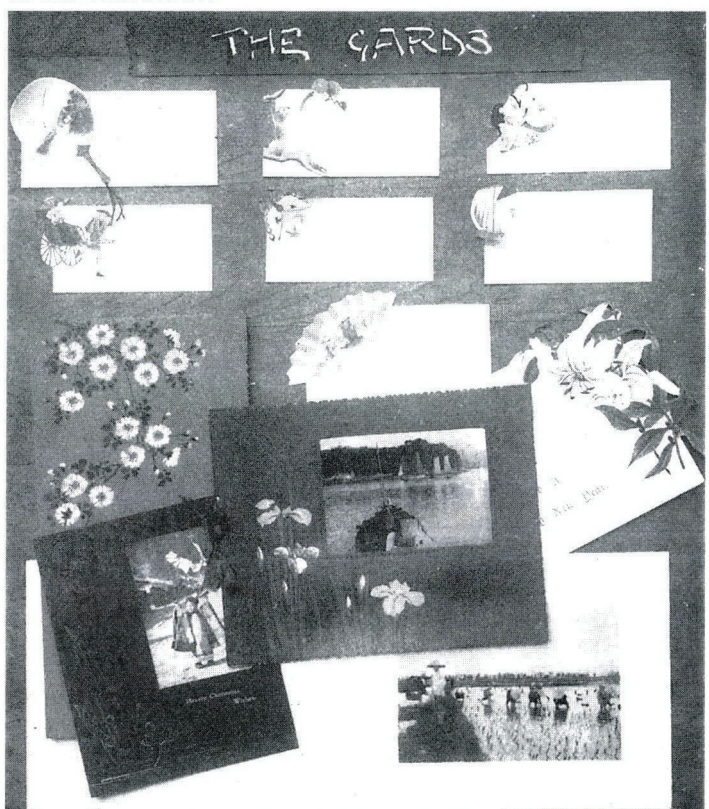






Illustration from the David Robinson Collection

In the early years of the 20th century, the Tamamura Photographic Studio of Kobe was a major Japanese supplier and also exporter of slides for magic lanterns. The firm undertook every kind of photographic work, and were agents for Kodak films and plates; but the most important part of their work was the production of 'Esthetic' photographs—in the form of prints, albums, stereograms and lantern slides, sold either from stock or made to order. Tamamura were particularly proud of their facilities: Visitors will be surprised to find in our studio a full-sized thatched-roof Japanese house perfect in

every detail of construction. (It is the only model house for photographic purposes in any studio in this country.) Japanese costumes (kimono) and jinrikisha are available for persons desiring photographs taken in this novel environment. Writing about their lantern slides, they stated: In this line our stock is replete with an unlimited variety. For many years, we have supplied lecturers with slides to order. We guarantee the colouring to be perfect. Prices, including encasement in a neat box: Yen 50.00 per 100 slides (English Size)

Yen 60.00 per 100 Slides (American Size)  
 For box alone:  
 Yen 2.50 for a Box to Hold 50 Slides  
 Yen 5.00 for a Box to Hold 100 Slides.  
 We make slides from amateurs' negatives at the same price.  
 Slides made from pictures, each 30 sden extra.  
 In addition to a great variety of slides dealing with Japanese subjects (views and customs) we keep sets of slides with titles displayed ...  
 The accompanying pictures show Tamamura's trade card and various aspects of their premises in Kobe.

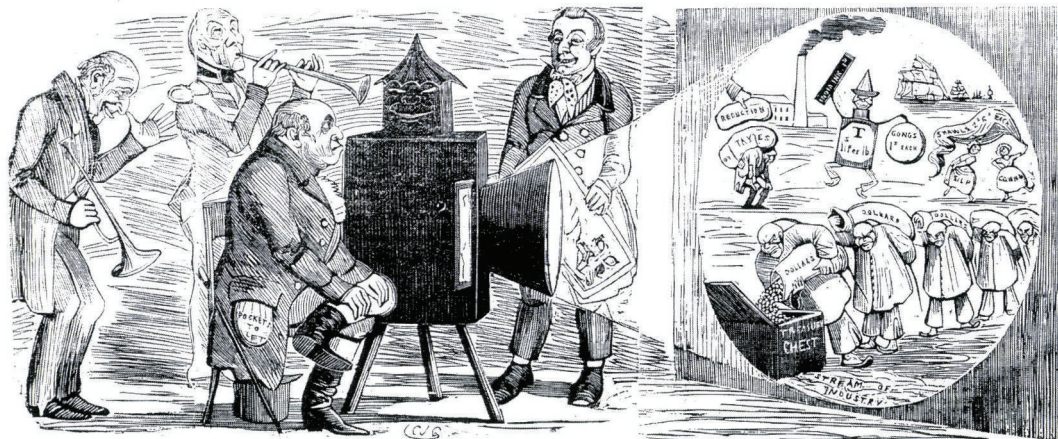
# CLEAVE'S PENNY GAZETTE

OF VARIETY & AMUSEMENT.

Vol. VI.—No. 11, LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1842. No. 271

## THE TORIA PHANTASMAGAMMONGORIA.

*or, A Christmas Amusement For John Bull.*



Next.—Now, y'r honour, there you shall see wot you shall see—the glorious effect of the late war in China and Affgammonistan, broaght about by your splendid policy and your shining cash. You thus see the consequences in prospective of these said glorious victories; for there you behold in front, five Chinamen, each bearing a million of dollars, which they are successively pouring into yow' (of course) money chest; the result of which is, that it will cause the stream of industry to flow; and the consequences of that result will be in less than a century, that all the mills will be set agog through thus raising the woid, and commerce will be increased amazingly. You see in the distance, Mr. Bull, no less than four merchant ships added to our shipping. There you see silk gowns and silk shawls for your poor housewives. India ink, a penny a stick, for our artists. Congo, a shilling a piece, for our tradesmen to best for customers. Tea, a shilling a pound, for our oldsters. In short, whatever you see, Mr. Bull, your own eye is the witness, your own ear is the witness, your own hand is the witness, and your own pocket is the witness. Now, play up, Conkey. Golburn, blow your trumpet. Well, what do you think of our gallant show, Mr. Bull?

threw off his jacket, and presented to Aubrey's view his under vesture, striped to latens, and saturated with blood.  
 "Captaine," said he, grinding his teeth with fury, and a ghastly smile, that a fend might have envied, gloaming in his sunburnt face, "dat very pretty dogging for give poor devil like Lorenzo. But, for Mr. Fender Dog me, I feed him. Colonel Clauise, and de mess, too, joke me: I play dem. I tell you, dat going w/out eat, no save you from de Italian's revenge—the key of de magazine!" and he threw it overboard, and shouted in his hellish joy, "Ha! ha! in five minute, de grand captaine Aubrey—" but he said no more—a stroke of a brass bolting-pin, torn from its station by Aubrey's hand, laid him a corse on the deck.  
 The girl sunk upon the sofa and buried her face in her hands, against one arm of it. Aubrey stood near it, with an eye as haughty, and a brow as calm, as ever his patriot father bore, when he trod, among his cheering crew, the deck of his country's (oe his arm had prostrated). He looked around; he scanned the rowing mast; and he thought of the days when he had hung out their folds to the sweeping blast, and sped, like the sighing arrow, from his loss daring puruers; or, with them, haled to the spar, had dared the wrath of a superior, or the force of the dreadful blast.  
 Aubrey, murmured a voice at his side; and pride and daring were forgotten, and the rich blood mounted to his sun kissed cheek, as he turned toward her; but her face again was hid.  
 "Auss!"  
 For his life he could not have called her otherwise: she looked up—her eye dimmed with tears, and her face like the clouded heavens—an instant the fiercer, but her eye caught his; then rushed the bright blood to her beaming cheek; then joy was gathered in those curtained gems.  
 "Aubrey!" and the sailor caught her to his bosom; for the thought thrilled his soul, that joy's brightest tale can be told by less silent; and, upon the brink of eternity, their daring love was sealed by the pressure of hand and lip, when the vaulted roof of the sky echoed to a burst that stayed the buoyant wave in its foaming course for miles around; and the bright-hued fragments of the splendid bark, and the ghastly corsees of her gallant crew, strewed the blue sea!  
 And now, when the wild sea rolls and roars, tormented by the wout wind, and the blue lightning glides the blackened sky, the affrighted seaman oft has seen the lover's bark, manned by her crew of corsees, careering over the deep; but her line of gold is a belt of fire, and the blue is rent from the midnight sky, and her spar and sail are of northern mist, and her rigging is twined of the star's faint beams; and around her dash waves of blue, gleaming flame, that show like a sunbright sea. Then the storm is hushed, and the waves are calmed, and the hardy mariners breathe a prayer for succour, and joyed to see the bark brink.

### Destruction of Country Walks.

The almost universal stopping up of the foot-paths in the country—one of the hateful consequences, we believe, of the hateful game-laws—is, in the following extract, elo-

**The Midnight Murder.**  
 The storm had gradually subsided into a dead calm, and the moon now, stealing from the bosom of the ocean, shed

thick foliage the pathway. Now, thought I, is my time, but still I was at a loss what to do. We sat down on the bank. After gazing wistfully for some minutes on the water, and regarding the placidity of the scene with a

leave a tramp to whose cause they were disaffected, or who were prisoners escaped from confinement—by both of which classes of emigrants immense sums were paid to the unscrupulous commanders of the passage-barks. The wealth

Aubrey was still occupied, when a flap of the huge fore and aft mainsail started him—giving notice that the breeze had died away. He rose, and looked around, smiling as his eye passed over the sunbrightened scene, where the waves