

THE CYCLIST AND THE ARTIST. AN INTERESTING TRIP.

The value of the bicycle as a means of introducing the searcher after the picturesque to scenes beyond the ken of the ordinary traveller by rail or coach has been proved by Mr. A. S. Broad, a young South Australian-born artist, whose clever work has often found an honoured place in the leading pictorial papers of the colonies. This energetic devotee of art has just returned to town from a lengthened sketching trip on the bicycle in the North over from 1,500 to 2,000 miles, in the course of which he struck across country and made his way along tracks none but a fearless wheelman and enthusiastic lover of primitive nature would care to traverse. His sketches speak for themselves; they have been taken under all sorts of circumstances on proper drawing paper, the backs of old pictorials, and even on blotting sheets. He left town for Gawler on March 28 on a roving excursion, with that limited amount of luggage which the cyclist knows how to meet his requirements and his sketching materials. Wisely avoiding the atrocious road to Gawler he trained to that town, and made his start from the modern Athens by way of Lyndoch, where he sketched the principal beauty-spots, and followed them up, taking in Kapunda and Truro. At Angaston, one of the most picturesque of our early settlements, he took fugitive sketches for leisurely completion in the studio, and then wheeled his way to Tarlee, where his artistic eye found much to admire. The roads were good, bad, and indifferent, especially the last, and he found them worse when he struck for the Far North. In his journey he took in Saddleworth, Riverton, Auburn, and Manocora, finding in that region a wealth of the picturesque, for the district is noted for its natural beauty. His faithful bicycle carried him through rutty roads and dusty paths to Mintaro, Clare, the Burra, Terowie, Petersburg, and Yongala, in all of which places he found employment for his pencil and brush. Leaving the neighbourhood of the railway line he struck inland and got benighted, and, to make matters worse, his lamp succumbed to the jointness of the road, and in the dark he ran his bicycle into a soft patch, where, as he expresses it, "the machine stuck upright like a knife in a pat of butter." Nothing daunted he did Jamestown, Caltowie, and Appila-Yarrowie thoroughly, and struck across over fearfully rough country for Tarcowie—a hill-surrounded, tree-framed township, over which he goes into an artist's raptures. By this time the painter and bicycle had become noted in the North, and his fame having preceded him he was handsomely treated and generally greeted by people who had heard of the "artist chap who was making cross-country pictures on a bicycle." At one place Bishop Kennion met him, and he spent a pleasant time with our travelling athletic prelate, who was much interested in his sketches. Having cycled through Booleroo Centre and thence across country to

his sketches, having cycled through Booleroo Centre and thence across country to Melrose, he came upon a valuable collection of old-time sketches by the pioneer artist, the late J. M. Skipper, and was hospitably entertained by local townspeople. Passing Murray Town he made for the Port Germein Gorge, where he lingered over the bold rocky features of that rugged part, and put in some of the time sketching native encampments by firelight. Wirrabara, Laura, Gladstone, and Crystal Brook next claimed his attention. He got good subjects, but had cross-country tracks. He next found himself at Redhill, Koolunga, and Mundoora, where he got again benighted, and enjoyed the primitive hospitality of an Irishman and the company of swarms of mice that burrowed in his hair and overran his couch. Mice and rabbits were plentiful, but rain was mighty scarce, and much of the country he passed over was as desolate as the people were depressed. A delightful run of twelve miles on a fine road took him to Port Broughton, one of the quaintest and prettiest seaport towns of his acquaintance. Working back to Crystal Brook by another route he set his steel steed's head in the direction of Port Pirie over a "two miles an hour" route. After negotiating seven miles of sand he struck Warnertown, and finally reached Port Pirie by tug. Here he revelled awhile in the grandeur of the Flinders Range and the Devil's Peak, and then made his way through the grandly picturesque Pichi-richi Pass, Stirling, and the romantic scenery of Saltia, partly over fearful roads until he reached Quorn. Hawker, Wilson, Cradock, Carrieton, and Hammond saw the artist and the bicycle, and a fine sketch, old Coonatto Station, found a place in his portfolio. Benighted at Eureka the dismal he had some unpleasant cycling experiences on his way to Pekina, where the rain he had been keeping ahead of all the time came down in torrents and the wind blew a tornado. A telegram announcing the serious illness of his father brought Mr. Broad back to the city by train. He has had a varied and interesting bicycle trip, and has enriched his portfolio with some striking sketches. And that is what can be done with the aid of the ubiquitous faithful bicycle.