

“Mingling its echoes with the eagle’s cry,  
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.”

Not far east from here rises a stupendous dune of sand, or, rather, a promontory of uncemented sand and clay, capped by a shifting dune. The grinding action of the waves has pulverized a cubic mile of sandstone and superincumbent drift, which has been strewn over the lake’s bottom. The nervous wind-gust has wrested it from the water, and made it a plaything of its own. Dried by the sun and air, it has been driven inland till the forest is submerged, and a shining promontory called Grand Sable lifts its forehead four hundred feet above the lake—a landmark for the mariner and a marvel to the lover of Nature.