THE DISASTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

Further Particulars of the Loss of the Lady Elgin.

The Scenes Along the Shore of the Lake.

Courage and Cowardice, Dancing and Death.

INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER.

We have received the newspapers of Milwaukee and Chicago, containing accounts of the great disaster on Lake Michigan. The accounts already printed in *The Press* have been very full, but we find in these journals additional details, which will be read with painful interest.

THE FEELING IN MILWAUKEE.

A Milwaukee paper says:

"As the telegraph brought the distressing news to this city, the heart of every citizen throbbed with anxiety, for almost every person on board the ill-fated steamer was a citizen of Milwaukee, and the agony of friends and relatives, as they received detail after detail the news which came flashing over the wires, was truly heart-rending and terrible to witness. Would that we could be spared the sight of a recital of such scenes as have come to our knowledge of this calamity, the magnitude of which, we trust in the providence of God, we may never have occasion again to chronicle.

SCENES AT THE MILWAUKEE DEPOT.

The scene at the depot as the noon train from the South came in, baffles description. Hundreds had collected to learn, if possible, tidings from their lost relatives and friends, and weeping and wailing could be heard on every side. Children were there anxiously inquiring for their parents, fathers and mothers wept the loss of children, and brothers and sisters lifted up their voices in sad lamentations. The survivors right in number, who came up on the train, were beset with questions, to which they could return no answer. One poor Irish woman wailed the loss of her darling son, her only staff in her old age. Among the crowd we noticed an aged man, who was almost frantic at the loss of a son, while at his side, dressed in deep mourning, stood his daughter, stifling the anguish of her own breaking heart in the vain endeavor to assuage the grief of her father. We never before witnessed a scene of such heart-rending interest, and we trust we shall never be called to chronicle another. The moment the train stopped at the depot the platforms were laden with anxious men and women, and the crowd was so great that nothing like a definite could be learned until the train stopped at the depot the platforms were laden with anxious men and women; and the crowd was so great that nothing like a definite could be learned until the train was entirely emptied. Then the scene which followed baffles description. Hundreds had collected to learn, if possible, tidings from their lost relatives and friends, and weeping and wailing could be heard on every side. Children were there anxiously inquiring for their parents, fathers and mothers wept the loss of children, and brothers and sisters lifted up their voices in sad lamentations. The survivors right in number, who came up on the train, were beset with questions, to which they could return no answer. One poor Irish woman wailed the loss of her darling son, her only staff in her old age. Among the crowd we noticed an aged man, who was almost frantic at the loss of a son, while at his side, dressed in deep mourning, stood his daughter, stifling the anguish of her own breaking heart in the vain endeavor to assuage the grief of her father. We never before witnessed a scene of such heart-rending interest, and we trust we shall never be called to chronicle another. The moment the train stopped at the depot the platforms were laden with anxious men and women, and the crowd was so great that nothing like a definite could be learned until the train was entirely emptied. Then the scene which followed baffles description. Hundreds had collected to learn, if possible, tidings from their lost relatives and friends, and weeping and wailing could be heard on every side. Children were there anxiously inquiring for their parents, fathers and mothers wept the loss of children, and brothers and sisters lifted up their voices in sad lamentations. The survivors right in number, who came up on the train, were beset with questions, to which they could return no answer. One poor Irish woman wailed the loss of her darling son, her only staff in her old age. Among the crowd we noticed an aged man, who was almost frantic at the loss of a son, while at his side, dressed in deep mourning, stood his daughter, stifling the anguish of her own breaking heart in the vain endeavor to assuage the grief of her father. We never before witnessed a scene of such heart-rending interest, and we trust we shall never be called to chronicle another. The moment the train stopped at the depot the platforms were laden with anxious men and women;