A SEA MYSTERY.

THE WEIRD DISAPPEARANCE OF THIRTEEN PERSONS.

The Story of the Sailing-Vessel Marie Celeste—Scene Aboard When She Was Discovered.

[Washington Correspondence Indianapolis News.]

"Hearing from all over the world, as we do," said a State Department official to your correspondent the other day, "we naturally come across some curious stories in the course of years. But the weirdest and most unaccountable story I have ever heard of is that of the Marie Celeste. All the facts and particulars to the minutest detail are recorded in this department; and though some years have elapsed since the strange affair took place, and every effort has been made to clear up the mystery, no explanation has ever been made to clear up the extraordinary story. Ten years ago the Marie Celeste, a small vessel, left the port of New York with thirteen souls on board, including the passengers were the wife and child of the master of the vessel, and a valuable cargo on board, was bound for Ville Franche, in the Mediterranean. An outward-bound British bark sighted the Marie Celeste, she had arrived at about the entrance of Gibraltar. The bark sailed by the Celeste, and was surprised at her seeming weakness. Thinking the crew drunk, the British bark bore down upon the vessel, and with spy-glasses had a close examination of her deck. At a glance it was to be seen that a strange feeling of uneasiness possessed the crew of the bark. The vessel was boarded, and the captain, mate of a picked men, put in for prize. Arrived at her port, they found a dead hulks, in a stranding attention. There was no crew. All was silent as the grave. The captain, followed by his mate, took the side to investigate the cause of this unnatural condition, and they commenced at the hatch of the vessel. In the hold, hanging the weekly wash of the boats were all sent from their places from the davits, and every spar was in its place. A merry spirit was made in the cabin, and compass were in their place, the remains of an unfinished meal were there also, and in the mess was a newspaper with a little moment still in mode, and a lady's thimble in one corner of the machine, as if some lady summoned to work had just left it. The money was undisturbed. The mystery was lagging in the secret. The ship's papers were gone. Everything else was in perfect order. But with a people number. A search of the vessel showed that the Marie Celeste was bound for New York with a cargo of petroleum, and was in charge of Captain Briggs, who had with him his wife and child. The passengers were the wife and child of the master of the vessel, and a valuable cargo on board, was bound to