

127  
of men came across a bench of sand-  
stone, about as high as the table. Picket  
would not touch it; it had to be shod  
away. At that time, no one <sup>there</sup> knew  
anything of blasting. I was only there  
to represent a friend for a few days,  
but we did not like to betray our  
ignorance. One man did know a  
little, and he and I went below.

We put down a couple of holes and  
then came the question of charging  
them. We sent for the stuff. I  
reasoned it out, and came to the  
conclusion that the powder must  
go to the bottom of the hole.

At last ~~we~~ managed to get the holes charged.  
My mate said, "Now, will you stop and  
fire them, or shall I?" I could not  
very well say, "You stop and fire, and I'll  
~~not~~ go up," so I remained below and  
he went up. A little water was coming  
in, which was rather unpleasant.

I did not know how to go about the  
work of firing, and I was too big a