complicity to murder. Morgan Jones was therefore only tried for the relatively minor crime of night poaching, for which he received a sentence of one year's hard labour.

Jones was in fact a very lucky man.

Morgan Jones’s brother, Henry, never went to trial. At his first hearing at the Llanilar Petty Sessions he was further remanded in custody as the police were unable to gather any evidence against him, and he was probably eventually discharged.

The victim, Joseph Butler, aged twenty six, was buried at the churchyard in his home village of Llanafan, some five or six days after his violent death. His tombstone stands close to the churchyard boundary wall near the lych gate. Under his name are the words, ‘Shot by a Poacher’. Across the top of the stone are the words, ‘Thy Will be Done’.

Contrary to what the authorities had hoped, the good people of the Llangwryfon and Llandeiniol area, although shocked by the senseless killing of an unarmed gamekeeper, were not outraged enough to help the forces intent on apprehending Joseph Butler’s killer.

Joseph Butler was an outsider, a lackey of the landlords, a man paid to keep food from the mouths of Welsh men, women and children. It is doubtful they ever wished him dead, but now that he was, they certainly were not going to easily give up one of their own to English justice, especially as it was generally believed the killing was an accident in the first place.

When the first local search by the police failed to uncover his whereabouts the search was widened to the County. Still, despite the fact that on the twentieth of November 1868 the Earl of Lisburne offered a hundred pounds reward for his apprehension, the weeks went by without a trace of him.

Finally, when, on the fifth of January 1869, the Chief Constable of Cardigan was forced to report that the murderer was still at large, the search was again widened to include the whole United Kingdom. Handbills requesting information of his whereabouts and offering the reward for his arrest were posted in all major towns and seaports.

During this time, Will Cefn-Coch was being hidden in cottages, farms and barns all over the area. Like some nineteenth century peasant-Bonnie-Prince-Charlie he was fed