in June, 1866, and established the firm of Murchison & Company, the members of the firm being himself, his brother, David R. Murchison, George W. Williams, of Wilmington, and John D. Williams, of Fayetteville. This firm did a very large and profitable business for some years, the New York house being managed by Colonel Murchison, under the name of Murchison & Company. The Wilmington house was known as Williams & Murchison, and the Fayetteville connection was known as John D. Williams & Company.

Colonel Murchison lived in New York after the war, but generally spent the winter in North Carolina. In the year 1880 he bought the old historic plantation called "Orton," the family seat of "King" Roger Moore, situated about sixteen miles below Wilmington, on the west side of the Cape Fear, and the southernmost of all the old rice plantations on that river, and he expended a large amount of money in restoring it to its former condition and improving it in various ways to satisfy his taste. Within its boundary was the colonial parish church and churchyard of St. Philip's, and this interesting ruin with its consecrated grounds was conveyed in fee simple by Colonel Murchison and his brother, David R. Murchison, to the diocese of North Carolina. It is now carefully preserved by the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames of America. Orton has always been a paradise of sportsmen, and the colonel was very fond of hunting. It was his custom to bring some of his friends down from the North every winter, and give them the opportunity to enjoy the old-time hospitality, which he dispensed with a lavish hand. It was here that those who loved him best and who were loved by him spent their happiest days. The restful seclusion of this grandest of all colonial homes, with its broad acres and primeval forests, was most grateful to him and to his intimate associates after the storm and stress of war and the subsequent struggles of business life. It was here that the austerity of worldly contact was relaxed and the manifold humanities of a gentle, kindly life unfolded. He never spoke of his own exploits, nor did he willingly recall the horrors of the four years' war. He loved to roam the woods with his faithful dogs, to linger for hours in the secluded sanctuary of the game he sought so eagerly, and the sight of his triumphant return from an exciting chase, with Reynard at the saddlebow, surrounded by his yelping pack of English hounds, would rouse the dullest of his guests to exclamations of delight.

Colonel Murchison was also the joint owner with his brother David of the celebrated Caney River hunting preserve, in the wildest part of the mountains of North Carolina, where they spent the summers of several happy years along the fourteen miles of trout streams of icy waters. Within this splendid domain is some of the most picturesque of American mountain scenery, including Mount Mitchell and the neighboring peaks. It is the scene of big Tom Wilson's hunting and trapping exploits, and Wilson still survives as the custodian of the magnificent forest and stream, to tell the curious stranger in his own peculiar way how he found the body of the great naturalist whose name Mount Mitchell bears.

Colonel Murchison's striking personality was likened by those who knew him to that of the great German chancellor, Prince Bismarck, in his younger years. The commanding figure and uncompromising expression, which characterized his outward life, suggested a military training beyond that of his war experience, and this was in strange contrast to his inner life, a knowledge of which disclosed a sympathetic tenderness for all suffering or afflicted humanity. He preferred and practiced the simple life; his wants were few and easily supplied. A notable characteristic was his exceeding devotion to his five surviving children; he was proud of them and of their loyal love to him, and he made them his constant companions. He gave to worthy charities with a liberal and unostentatious hand. His patriotic spirit responded quickly to every public emergency, and his local pride was manifested in the building and equipment, at a great expense, of "The Orton," when a good hotel was needed in Wilmington, and when no one else would venture the investment.

During the last fifteen years of his honored life, Colonel Murchison gradually withdrew from the activities of strenuous business cares, and with the first frosts of autumn resumed control at Orton Plantation. He left it in June of 1904 in the vigor and spirits of abounding health, to meet, a few days later, the sudden call of the Messenger of Death, whom he had never feared. So lived and died a man of whom it may be said, "We ne'er shall see his like again." He was an example of splendid physical manhood, of broad experience, of unyielding integrity, pure in heart and in speech, with the native modesty of a woman and the courage of a lion. He was especially sympathetic and generous to his negro servitors, who regarded him with loving veneration.