

Name	Birth/Death	Age	Range/Site
Seamark, Hattie	d. 11 Oct 1896	7 yrs.	R88/196
Seamark. Suddenly, October 11, 1896 at 5 a.m., Hallie L. beloved daughter of John and Harrie Seamark and granddaughter of the late Abraham and Mary Eshleman aged 7 years (Lancaster and Harrisburg papers please copy).			
Seamark, Hattie E.	d. 18 May 1910		R146/195
Seamark. Suddenly on Wednesday, May 18, 1910, Harriet Eshleman Seamark, widow of the late John L. Seamark, aged 82. Funeral from her son-in-law's residence, 1011 D street northeast, Saturday at 2:30 (Harrisburg and Lancaster papers please copy).			
<i>The Evening Star, May 19, 1910, p. 22</i>			
<i>Mrs. Hattie Seamark Dead</i>			
<i>Stricken While on Her Way to Continental Hall</i>			
Mrs. Hattie Seamark, sixty-four years old, died at the Emergency Hospital last night of cerebral hemorrhage. While on her way to Continental Hall and near the entrance she was stricken.			
Dr. A.M. Ray of Tenleytown took charge of the patient and cared for her until she could be conveyed to the hospital. A number of relatives and friends were at the hospital when she died.			
Undertaker J. William Lee took charge of the body and removed it to the home, 1014 D street northeast.			
Seamark, John L.	d. 28 Dec 1904	67 yrs.	R146/195
Seamark. On Wednesday, December 28, 1904, at 6:30 p.m., John L. Seamark, beloved husband of Harriet Seamark (nee Eshleman) in his 68th year.			
<i>The Evening Star, December 30, 1904, p. 5</i>			
<i>John L. Seamark Dead</i>			
<i>Long Known in Washington as "Original Cough Drop Man"</i>			
"Seamark's double X Philadelphia cough drops; for coughs and colds, sore throats and hoarseness."			
This cry, which has long been a familiar one on the business thoroughfares of Washington, will be heard no more. John L. Seamark, the original cough drop man, is dead. His death occurred Wednesday at his home 1256 4 1/2 street southwest, at the age of sixty-eight years. His birthplace was in England. His funeral will take place at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the above number. In rain or shine, cold weather or warm; when the winds were soft and balmy, or when they blew fiercely and frigidly from the north, the familiar figure of Seamark, with his big tin box suspended in front of him, could be seen as he passed through the throngs.			
John L. Seamark was a man of good qualities and supported his wife and children by tireless efforts. Perhaps some people scoffed at and ridiculed the humble calling of the cough drop man, as with cheerful face he confronted the frosty breath of winter or the sympathetic south breezes, but he had a mission to perform -- the care of his family -- and he was always in earnest and did not mind the idle chaffing of some of the passersby.			
There have been several alleged "original cough drop men" in Washington, but John L. Seamark, it is declared, was "the" original one. He had been engaged in the traffic for nearly thirty years and was a familiar figure to old and young in all parts of the District.			
When he first started in the business he procured his cough drops from a Philadelphia firm with the understanding that the cough drops were not to be sold to any other person in Washington, for the purpose of conducting a business in opposition to his. What was his surprise, therefore, one night several years ago while making his rounds to be confronted by two other cough drop men, with equipment similar to his and using his cough drops cry. He at once stopped dealing with the Philadelphia company and ever since that time made his own drops, which he called "Seamark's double X cough drops."			
On one occasion Seamark met one of the rival cough drops men on F Street. The rival had a bad cold and between cries he would cough violently. His voice was also so hoarse that his cry could hardly be understood. As Seamark passed this fellow he sang out:			
"You are a fine advertisement of a bad cold to be selling cough drops. 'Physician, heal thyself.'"			
The result was that the rivals became involved in a mix-up and the services of a policeman were required to straighten out the tangle.			

Seamark on fair, warm nights when colds were not so prevalent, conducted a stand at 8th street and Market space, where he had a contrivance for testing the lungs and an electric battery, guaranteed to cure nervousness and that "awful after feeling."

The Washington Times, Saturday, December 31, 1904

Original Cough Drop Man, John L. Seamark, Is Dead

Funeral Today for Vendor Whose Unique Crying of Wares Made

Him a Familiar Figure in Washington

Funeral services for John L. Seamark, the original cough drop vendor of Washington, were held at 2 o'clock this afternoon from his residence, 1256 Four-and-a-half Street southwest.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Williams, of Epiphany Church, officiated and interment was at Congressional Cemetery.

The death of Seamark on Wednesday removed one of the quaintest and most familiar characters in Washington. For thirty years his vigorous cry had been heard upon the streets while he walked back and forth through the business section of the city vending his "celebrated cough drops."

Irrespective of the attention which Seamark attracted by the forcible manner in which he cried his wares, he was a noticeable figure in other ways. Medium in height, sturdy of build, with firm step and of sterling lungs, he was a character that would attract attention anywhere.

Despite his sixty-eight years, his eye was keen and reflected a clear brain and intelligent mind. An iron gray Van Dyke beard, which he kept scrupulously clean, was the most striking feature of his appearance.

Attired in clothing more or less shabby, and carrying his cough drops in a tin box slung over his shoulders, Seamark could be found each day during the winter parading the business center of the city. Pedestrians knew of his presence before he had approached within two blocks of them, his penetrating cry echoing for squares around.

"Seamark's celebrated tablets. Five cents a package. P-h-i-l-a-delphia cough drops. Good for coughs or colds," was one variation of his cry which has become as familiar as a popular song to pedestrians along F Street and Pennsylvania Avenue.

Year in and year out the strange chant had been heard on the streets, and, it was not unusual for one to try to mimic Seamark's manner of vending.

As the original cough drop man, Seamark believed himself to hold sole right to the streets as a vender of that article. Once or twice others have attempted to enter his field of business, but their stay has usually been short and unsuccessful.

It is said that Seamark once became engaged in a fistic encounter with a man of about his own age on account of the latter's attempt to infringe his territorial rights.

Seamark was a native of England, but had spent most of his life in this country. He is survived by a widow.